

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

# MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

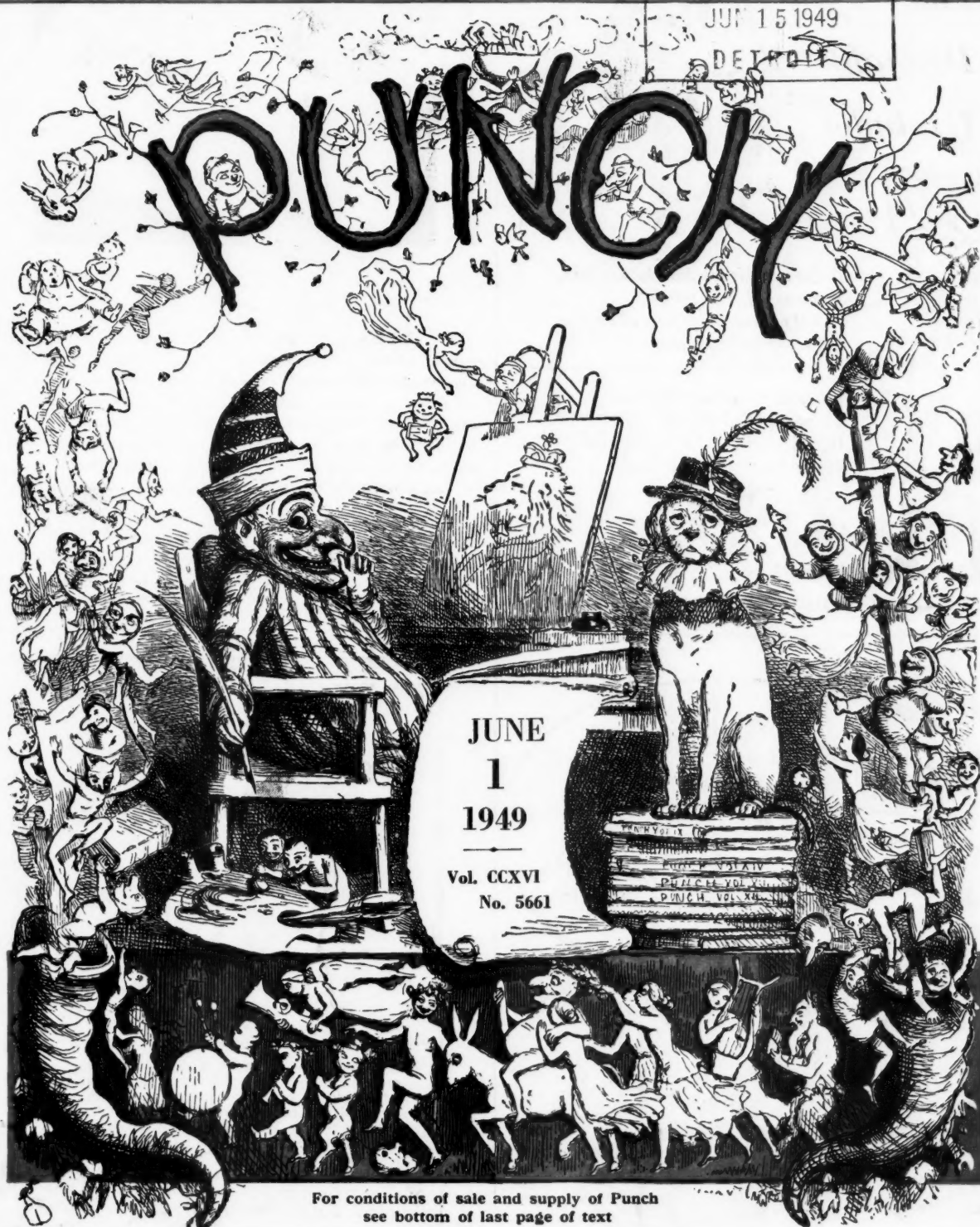
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JUN 15 1949

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## Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN  
GREAT BRITAIN

Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd., Leicester

## UNDERWEAR TYPES

# The Draught-Excluder



*You've met this window-shutting bore,  
So nervous of fresh air —  
So full of doubts and fears about  
His health and underwear.*



*The Wolsey man could tell him how  
To set his mind at rest!  
With heat-and-cold adjusting wool  
You're always rightly dressed.*

## Wolsey

Wolsey Ltd, Leicester

DUO-SHRUNK UNDERWEAR & SOCKS



**I**T may be that first cigarette of the day which makes the paper readable and your early morning self tolerable. It may be the smoke that makes the office mail bearable and your secretary a new woman. It may be that conference cigarette which solves a crisis or that lunch cigarette which seals a deal . . . But, from now on, it is the same cigarette. A taster of this and of that has at last found peace. In the satisfying flavour of the new Sobranie American No. 50's another wanderer has come to rest, beyond the reach of novelty's temptation, a firm staunch and life-long devotee.

**SOBRANIE**  
AMERICAN No. 50

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BALKAN SOBRANIE  
AT SOBRANIE HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.1

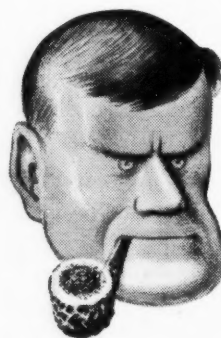
*Hail fellow well met!*

I'm the most popular man's shoe in America today, and I'm making new friends at a great rate in this country. I'm tough in action but I'm easy on the feet — a splendid 'extra' to your shoe wardrobe. Choose me in brown melban or rust thornproof suede at **52/6**; or in tan grain at **49/-** Ask for **K CASUALS**.



*today's shoes - K shoes*

FOR THE STRONG  
AND SILENT —



OR SKITTISH  
SPINSTERS



Maybe you can tear packs of cards with two fingers, maybe you've never cracked anything tougher than an egg, but whatever your own particular degree of toughness, it's quite certain that you'll take to Kia-Ora with all the easy aplomb with which a politician takes to platitudes. For everyone who's tasted the pure deliciousness of these fruit-fresh Squashes says:-



"HERE'S GOOD HEALTH TO YOU"

## KIA-ORA

The most delicious of all fruit drinks

ORANGE • LEMON • GRAPE FRUIT • LIME • LEMON BARLEY

*When sugar and quality Fruit Juices are no longer rationed to us, there will be no shortage of Kia-Ora.*

# Moët & Chandon

## CHAMPAGNE

Dry Imperial  
*Vintage*



Première Cuvée  
*Non-Vintage*

# COURVOISIER

## Cognac

THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON



★★★  
and  
V.S.O.P.



## LUNECASTRUM



THE identity of the Roman camps in England is often revealed in place-names, the Latin "castra" appearing with variations of spelling in the names of towns all over the country.

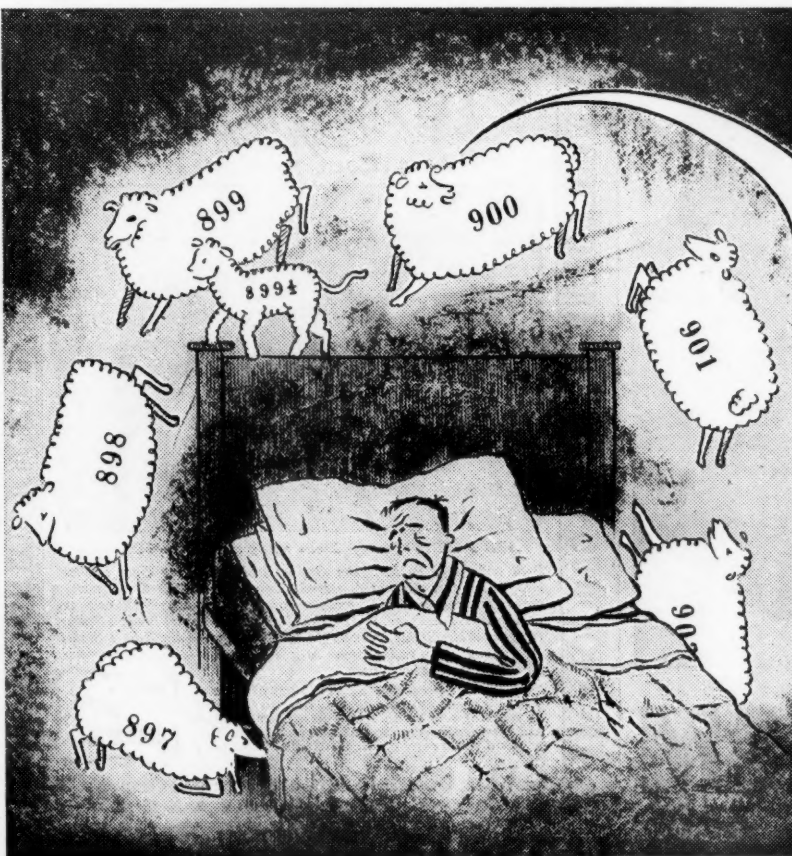
The camp on the Lune is an example of this, and Lancaster was an important Roman station.

The branch of Martins Bank which operates at 38 Market Street, Lancaster, is one of nearly 600 branches which cover the greater part of the country, providing services and finance for every kind of business.



## MARTINS BANK LIMITED

London District Office: 68 Lombard Street, E.C.3  
HEAD OFFICE: WATER ST., LIVERPOOL, 2



If only he would  
take

# Ovaltine

we would all  
get some sleep!



## TAYSIDE



● Wherever you fish, and whatever your quarry, we have been studying YOUR requirements for more than a century. Now only concentrating on highest quality, it is our proud boast that we are to-day making better tackle for all types of angling than was ever made before. Write for catalogue.

**Milward's**  
FISHING TACKLE  
... a name to angle with !  
REDDITCH, ENGLAND



Tom Beasley,  
Famous Wilkinson  
Swordsmith



The Wilkinson Sword Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W.4.

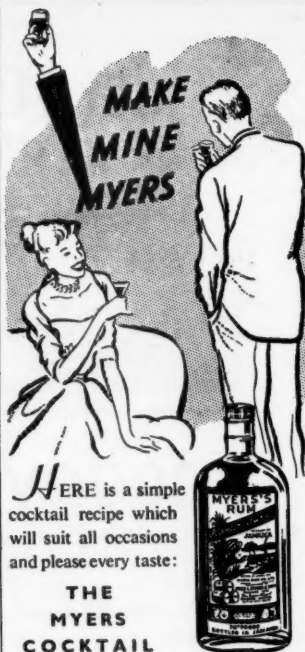
Nail Nippers Pruning Shears Fencing Equipment Ice Skates

## "That was a good set!"

"Yes—and that reminds me, young fellow, I've got you a Wilkinson Razor Set for your birthday. I've found that for sheer value you can't beat a Wilkinson Long Life Hollow Ground blade—its fine, keen edge will give you the smoothest, cleanest shave you've ever had, and what's more, it'll last you longer! Made by a firm who have been forging cutting edges for over 170 years, that's not really surprising. And, believe it or not, it will still be serving you when you come to give your youngster this same advice..."

Illustrated here is the Wilkinson Safety Razor 7-day Set, including Wilkinson Self-Stopping Hollow Ground Blades. Price 60/- (Inc. P.T.) Ask your stockist to show you this and other sets in the range, from 21/-.

**Wilkinson Razors**



HERE is a simple cocktail recipe which will suit all occasions and please every taste:

**THE MYERS COCKTAIL**

2 parts 'Myers'  
1 part Orange Squash  
1 part Lime Cordial  
Shake well with ice  
Serve at once

**THE DARK & MELLOW RUM**

MATURED & BOTTLED IN JAMAICA  
70° PROOF

Get FREE copy of 'Myers' Recipes from your supplier or from: Gillespie Bros. & Co. Ltd., Dept. W5, Ling House, Dominion St., London EC2

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for smart appearance,  
for hair health

For handsome, tidy hair that keeps its good looks all through the day, use Brylcreem, the perfect hair dressing. Whether it's a day out in the open or in the office, you can rely on Brylcreem to keep you right on top. For Brylcreem not only gives the hair life and lustre; the pure emulsified oils it contains tone up the scalp and prevent Dry hair and Dandruff. Brylcreem your hair and make smartness your goal. Brylcreem is in jars and tubes 1/11½d.

**BRYLCREEM**  
YOUR HAIR

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middx.

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## David Cope's Gallery OF FAMOUS RACEHORSES



ARD PATRICK (1899) Brown colt by St. Florian—Morganette

Bred and owned by Mr. John Gubbins and trained by Sam Darling, Ard Patrick was this stable's second Derby winner. His Derby victory provided the only break in Sceptre's remarkable run of luck right through the Classic races of that year. Ard Patrick also won the Imperial Produce Stakes, Prince of Wales Stakes, Princess of Wales Stakes, and the Eclipse Stakes. At the end of his racing career he was sold to the German Government for twenty thousand guineas.

This series is presented by the House of Cope as a tribute to the fine traditions of the Turf. During 54 years of service to sportsmen, David Cope, Ltd. have jealously guarded those traditions. May we send you a copy of our illustrated brochure?

You can depend on  
**COPE'S**

**DAVID COPE** Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"



**Heads of State**



**heads of firms**

**and heads ahead of most**

**wear hats by ....**



162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street),  
and from the best men's shops everywhere

For appearance,  
comfort and value

*Spire*



A  
G. T. WHITE  
Shoe

These good-looking  
Brogues in fine grain  
leather are available in  
black or tan at 54/-

Sold by good retailers • Made by G. T. WHITE LTD. at Kettering

It has been said that the sun never  
sets on Sandeman's. Even to the  
most remote outposts of civilisa-  
tion shipments of these fine Ports  
and Sherries are regularly made.

**SANDEMAN**  
PORT & SHERRY

*'You'll like it'*

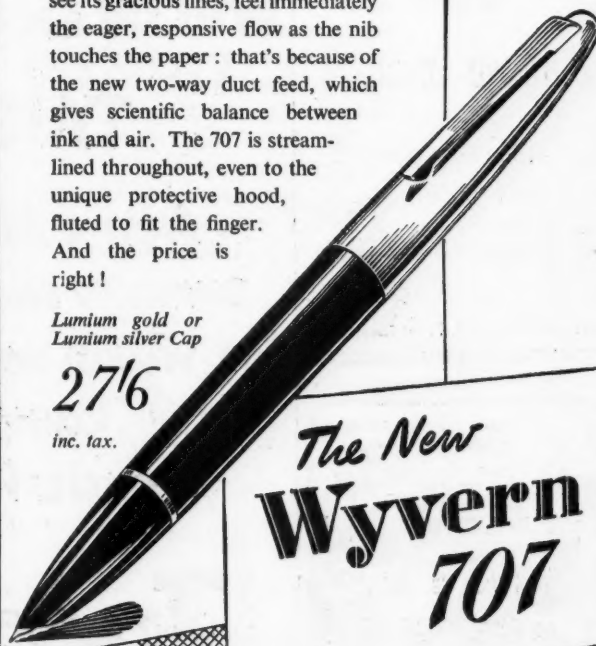
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● Hold this pen lightly in your hand,  
see its gracious lines, feel immediately  
the eager, responsive flow as the nib  
touches the paper : that's because of  
the new two-way duct feed, which  
gives scientific balance between  
ink and air. The 707 is stream-  
lined throughout, even to the  
unique protective hood,  
fluted to fit the finger.  
And the price is  
right !

Lumium gold or  
Lumium silver Cap

27/6

inc. tax.



*The New*  
**Wyvern**  
**707**

The Wyvern Fountain Pen Co. Ltd.

## Accent on Ankles

How momentous have become those six or eight inches of stocking, they can age the 'new look' or they can arouse admiration. They will certainly give you added pleasure if they are "Tudorose" — the loveliest of lovely sheer hose.



**TUDOROSE**  
FULLY FASHIONED STOCKINGS

*in pure silk, rayon and nylon.*

**Your dressmaker  
will be delighted with  
TAISHAN**

**A pure silk fabric in  
summer shades suitable  
for warm weather dresses**

**— easy to sew —  
wonderful to wash**

**Jacquard**

**16, Grosvenor Street, London. W.1.**



**Clive Bond**

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of  
Quality and Distinction*

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is our business**

THE Palace Hotel offers courteous service, exquisite accommodation, celebrated cuisine and an atmosphere of happy relaxation. Luxury indoor swimming-pool—music and dancing. Golf, tennis, squash, billiards, games room and the beauties of Derbyshire close at hand. Tariff from the Managing Director, Mr. J. J. Hewlett. (The Spa Hotel is under the same direction.)

**AT THE PALACE HOTEL, BUXTON SPA**

*that Brevitt look*

*is the look of fashion*



Well-bred good looks in a handwelted Brevitt for the woman who chooses her shoes as carefully as a 'most-prized' suit! Handstitched, of course, with a swank buckle as a chic finish!

**Manfield & Sons Ltd.**  
PICCADILLY & REGENT STREET, LONDON  
BIRMINGHAM • LEEDS • SHEFFIELD • DONCASTER

*Here's my guarantee  
of FRESHNESS*



Drummers wax impregnated drum ensures that the dye is fresh whenever you use it. This is vital to success. Have a few of your favourite shades ready to give new life to your clothes and house furnishings.

OBTAINABLE IN 16 COLOURS FROM ALL DRUMMER AND CHEMISTS.

**DRUMMER  
DYES 6**

ALSO JIFFY DYES SMALLER SIZE 44

Send for Free Booklet on home dyeing  
WILLIAM EDGE & SONS, LTD., BOLTON

**"SUSIE'S"  
PERFECT  
Cleaner**

*Simply  
SPRINKLE ON*

For quick, efficient removal of stains on fabrics, Susie's is invaluable. It speedily removes blemishes caused by tea, grease, fruit stains, etc., and is harmless to the material.

From Chemists and Stores **1/3**

**SUSIE'S Perfect Cleaner Co.,  
2, Upper Duke St., LIVERPOOL, 1.**

*RUB IN—  
& BRUSH OFF  
CANNOT LEAVE  
A RING*



### Build it yourself

if you take pride in personal achievement. Erection and glazing of the Waldor "Aristocrat" is an easy matter even for the inexperienced. Thousands of Waldor greenhouses have been built by gardeners, following the simple step-by-step instructions provided.

### or we will come and do it for you

Not everyone has the time or inclination to undertake construction, however simple it is. WALDOR will send experts anywhere in Great Britain to erect and place an "Aristocrat" greenhouse at a reasonable standard charge, irrespective of distance.

**There's no fuss about  
ERECTING & GLAZING**

*The* **Waldor**  
*Aristocrat*

precision-made, rustless aluminium alloy, suntrap shape, extendible

**GREENHOUSE**

with the patented strength bracing.

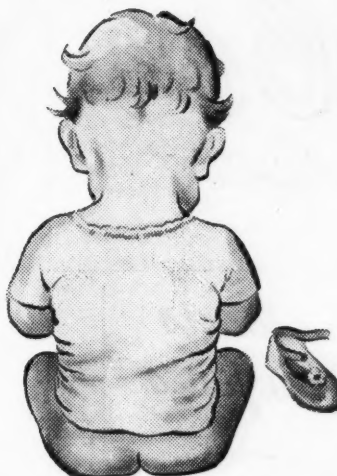
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**WALDOR OF DROITWICH**

The kindest powder  
in the world



For more than 50 years  
babies have revelled  
in its soothing  
softness at bathtime

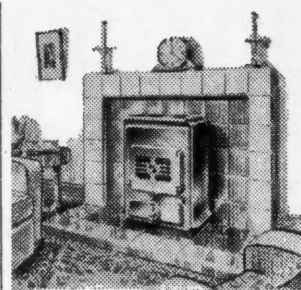


Johnson's

**BABY POWDER**



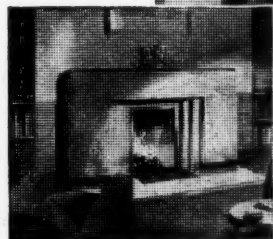
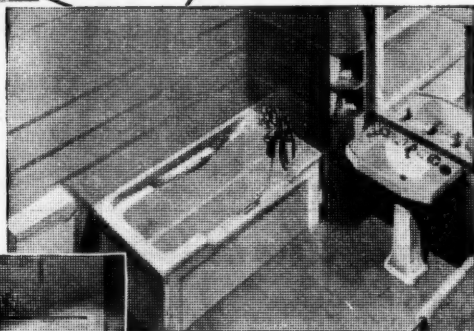
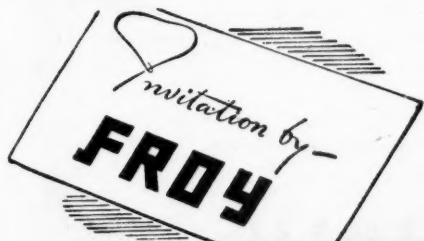
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Fit a  
**SIESTA**  
to your Hearth

The good-looking SIESTA can easily be fitted to your present fireplace. Its colour can tone with your room and it will keep spotless for years with an occasional rub down with a damp cloth. The SIESTA provides ample warmth and is designed for economical burning of coke, anthracite coal or commercial fuels. There are four models, free-standing and inset, either with or without Boilers, all finished in highest quality vitreous enamel in Brown, Stone-Mottle, Fawn-Mottle, Beige-Mottle, Green or Black. Ask your Ironmonger about SIESTA to-day. No purchase tax—no licence required—prompt delivery.

**Siesta**  
**STOVES**



You are cordially invited to visit our London showrooms, where you will see all that is newest and best in Bathroom Fittings, Fireplaces, Kitchen Equipment and many other items for your home.

If you cannot call, please send for fully illustrated brochure to Dept. P.2.

**W.N.FROY & SONS LTD**

(Established 1850)

**BRUNSWICK WORKS, HAMMERSMITH, LONDON**  
Showroom Entrance: 64 King St., W.6. Telephone: RIVerside 4101 (24 lines)

**PARKINSON**  
RENOWN GAS COOKERS  
*for preference*

incorporating

UNIQUE TAP DESIGN

AMPLE OVEN CAPACITY

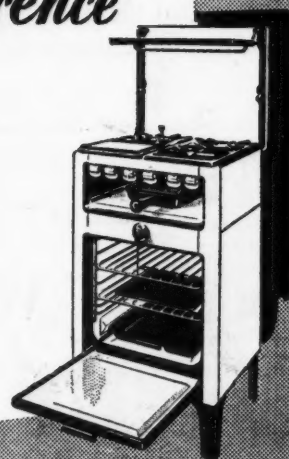
FLASH IGNITION

and the

EXCLUSIVE

DROP DOOR

Full details from your  
local Gas Showrooms.



THE PARKINSON STOVE CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM 9





# Cerebos

The "finest" salt



"The Hathaway" Teapot made at the Aluminium Works, Stratford-on-Avon

*No moans or groans  
from Mrs. Jones*



SAYS  
**Mrs. JONES:**  
"I'm fit as a  
fiddle and  
twice as well  
fed,  
For my new  
'daily help' is  
called  
Allinson Bread."

FOR REAL HEALTH, ENERGY & ENJOYMENT

EAT  
**Allinson Bread**  
TRUE WHOLEWHEAT STONEGROUND

Allinson Ltd., 210 Cambridge Heath Rd., London, E.2

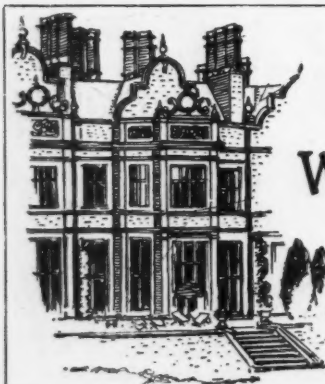


Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all  
the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs  
and spices from which they are pro-  
duced.

They provide a happy means of  
imparting piquant, appetising flavours  
to dishes of every kind.

**DUFRAIS**  
*Special* **VINEGARS**

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD., 87 SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON, S.W.8



Welcombe Hotel stands in 50 acres  
of well wooded grounds, on land  
once owned by William Shakespeare.  
Here, in the quiet comfort of panelled  
rooms, the peaceful qualities of an  
older England still shed their gentle  
charms.

**WELCOMBE  
HOTEL**

Stratford-upon-Avon

Enquiries for accommodation will  
receive the personal attention of the  
Resident Manager.

THE HOTELS EXECUTIVE  
BRITISH TRANSPORT LONDON N.W.1

W.H.F

**Alan McAlfee Ltd**

BESPOKE SHOEMAKERS  
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TELEPHONE . REGent 1771

LADIES  
COUNTRY MODELS

AVAILABLE FOR  
IMMEDIATE USE

(Also in stronger  
production suitable for  
wear on moorland & heather)



OVERSEAS ENQUIRIES  
WELCOMED

BY APPOINTMENT - C. SHIPPAM LTD. - SUPPLIERS OF MEAT AND FISH PASTES TO H.M. THE KING



Make it your  
family favourite

**Shippam's**

PILCHARD AND TOMATO PASTE

Cornish Pilchards smoothly blended with ripe tomatoes—that's what you get in Shippam's Pilchard and Tomato Paste. That's how you make the family look forward to tea-time. Get some Shippam's today. It's in good supply.

ASK FOR SHIPPAM'S SOUPS, TOO!



**The cooker every woman wants**

Available at your local Gas Showrooms

# ENGLAND'S QUADS

1935 - ST. NEOTS



Grown up

1948 - BRISTOL



6 months

1948 - EDMONTON



3 months



Cow & Gate, the makers of the world's premier baby food, have a right to be proud of the fact that England's three families of Quads have all been fed on Cow & Gate Milk Food.

4438

**COW & GATE MILK FOOD**

*The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES*

**the home-help**  
who lives in!



You couldn't hope to find a more willing maid-of-all-work than Mr. Therm. Gas makes so many jobs quick, clean and easy.

Gas gives you quick, clean controllable heat for cooking—quick-boiling burners—fast grilling—automatic control of oven heat. See the fine modern cookers—and fires and water-heaters—at your Gas Showrooms!

MAKE WISE USE OF

**GAS**

Issued by The Gas Council

## Panorama of Old Dutch Masters



The House of Bols—old-established when Rembrandt was born—to-day offers with pride a range of liqueurs which includes Bols Dry Orange Curaçao, Apricot Bols and Bolskummel, in addition to Cherry Bols, Advokaat, Creme de Cacao and Creme de Menthe.

Liqueurs of Fragrance  
and Distinction by

# BOLS



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The Contract Charter Division is yet another important section of the world-wide organisation of Airwork Limited. With its home base at Blackbushe Airport, Surrey, Airwork employs 48 aircraft; 66 seasoned pilots; 30 other crew as well as a team of efficient air hostesses. Backed by the organisation's own Repair and Maintenance sections—an advantage few firms can claim—it is able to provide all-in, self-contained service unrivalled for smoothness and dependability of operation.

Outcome of eighteen years' planned development, Airwork Charter Division forges yet another link in a progressively developed chain of closely inter-related services designed to appeal especially to all interested in long-term charter work.

**THE SERVICES OF AIRWORK** • Air Transport Contracting • Contract Charter Flying • Servicing and Maintenance of Aircraft • Overhaul and Modification of Aircraft • Sale and Purchase of Aircraft • Operation and Management of Flying Schools and Clubs • Specialised Aerodrome Catering • Insurance

**AIRWORK LIMITED, 15 CHESTERFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.1. TEL: GROSVENOR 4841**

Also at: Gatwick Airport, Horley, Surrey. Blackbushe Airport, Nr. Camberley, Surrey. Langley Aerodrome, Bucks. Heston Airport, Middx. Loughborough Aerodrome, Dishes, Leics. Perth Aerodrome, Renfrew Airport.

Le Meilleur  
Aperitif  
de la France



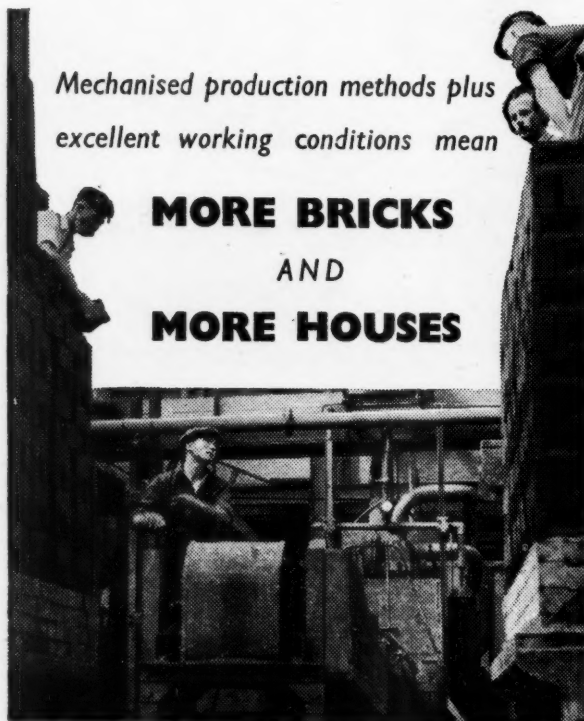
The most promising start to a happy evening  
is the simplest and best cocktail—  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  Gin and  $\frac{1}{3}$  Lillet (with just a dash of  
Orange Bitters or a slice of lemon peel).

# LILLET

TWISS & BROWNING & HALLOWES LTD.  
1 VINTNERS' PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4

Mechanised production methods plus  
excellent working conditions mean

## MORE BRICKS AND MORE HOUSES



**LONDON BRICK COMPANY LIMITED**

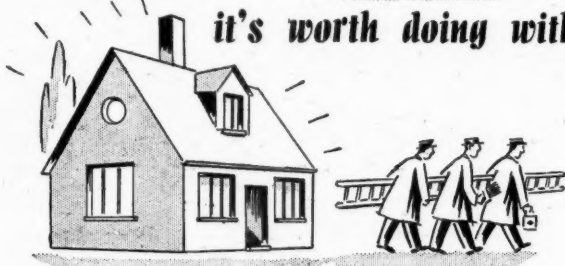
The largest brickmakers in the world



If a job's worth doing -



it's worth doing with -



**RIPOLIN**

**THE PAINT OF QUALITY**

Write for colour card and full particulars

RIPOLIN LTD. 9 DRURY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2



**Riley**

FAMOUS IN FIVE CONTINENTS

*for Magnificent Motoring*

"It is a car for the real motoring enthusiast, the type of driver who wants to go far and fast, who appreciates and can obtain the utmost from steering, braking and handling qualities all designed to fit exactly the demands made on a car when high averaging is required. Most important of all, perhaps, is the safety factor which accompanies the performance."

*vide "The Autocar"*

1½ litre Saloon £714. Purchase Tax £199. 1. 8

100 h.p. 2½ litre Saloon £958. Purchase Tax £266. 17. 2

*Riley - as old as the industry - as modern as the hour*

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD  
London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS" 55-56 PALL MALL, S.W.1  
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd, Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



Don't be vague -  
ASK *first* FOR  
**Haig**

No finer  
Whisky  
goes into any  
bottle



• **Antidote for  
Austerity**



They are happy at 'The Headlands', there's rejoicing at 'Mon Repos', for Parker-Knoll is back again.

Once more comfort is off the ration, comfort to indulge in to your heart's content, comfort to wallow in, aimlessly and shamelessly. For the benefit of those who have grown up during these last ten lean years, and may not have had the luck to know the significance of the name Parker-Knoll, let us explain that it is a brand of chairs which employs a transverse system of fabric covered tension springs. And to know what that means in terms of personal comfort, it is only necessary to sit down in a Parker-Knoll chair. Then, when you have bought it, just to make sure that you have secured comfort to the 'nth degree, see that the salesman writes the name Parker-Knoll on your receipt. The best furniture store in your district sells them.

• **PARKER-KNOLL**

Parker-Knoll Limited, Temple End, High Wycombe, Bucks

*'Kumfrees'*  
by



*Designers and makers of fine shoes for ladies*

N 1052

Crawford's  
biscuits are  
good biscuits



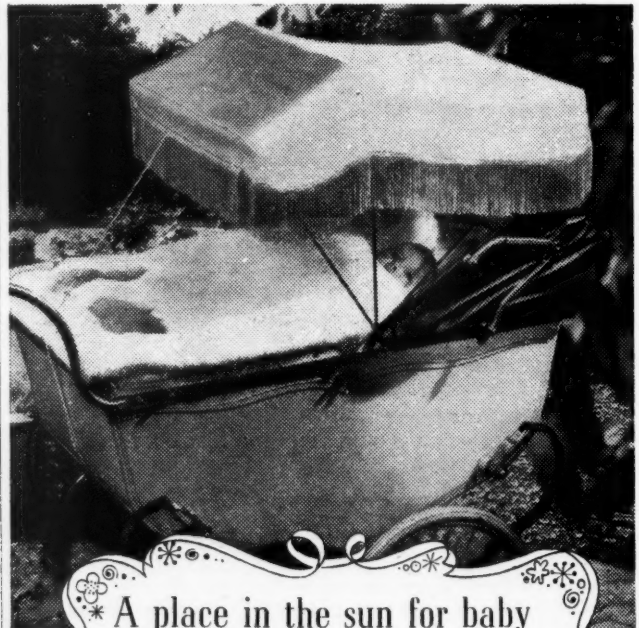
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**KAYSER  
BONDOR**

**FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS**

*In Nylon, Silk, Chiffon Lisle and Style 55*



**A place in the sun for baby**

With a Morlands 'Tor' Canopy, Baby gets fresh air without glare. All good retailers sell these canopies.

**Morlands 'TOR'**

**CANOPIES AND PRAM RUGS**



Vol. CCXVI No. 5661

June 1 1949

## Charivaria

WHEN rescued from the sea by a British fishing-vessel, an Argentine sailor kissed his rescuers and shouted "Long live the English!" The fishermen very tactfully resisted the temptation to ask on what.

Sir Percy Loraine mentions the difficulty of finding suitable names for racehorses. Before they race, presumably.



H'm

"Awakened by fumes of burning rubber early to-day Mr. — and his wife found the butcher's shop over which they live on fire."—*Evening paper*

"Portly people should not run upstairs two at a time," says a doctor. The inference is that he met a couple of them on his way down.

There is still no sign of a general reduction in rail fares. But plans are believed to be well in hand to prolong journeys, and so give better value for money.

### Holidays With Pay

"Some of the girls in the office have gone away with their fiancés."—*Woman's paper*

Television programmes are being criticized. Chiefly, we understand, by cinema patrons who fear that unless the standard of home viewing is improved baby-sitters will become unobtainable.

"Start putting away all your odd coppers every week," advises an economy pamphlet, "and you will be surprised at the amount you have saved in twenty years' time." That is, if you happen to remember where you put them.

"New Brighton Ocean liners on doorstep; homely secluded; 12s. 6d. per day."—*Advt. in "Birmingham Mail"*  
No tramps?

It is reported from Southern Rhodesia that an English big-game hunter is missing. One view is that something he disagreed with ate him.

New Zealanders, we are told, wear belts and braces. In this country we have not yet learned to take full advantage of social security.

A Fire Service officer states that fires may be caused by birds carrying lighted cigarette-ends back to their nests. They'll have to learn not to smoke in bed, that's all.

"At the Stroll the new London Opera Company gave 'The Barber of Seville.'"—*Provincial paper*  
Next week, the Proms.

A motoring correspondent recommends the motor-scooter to all who do not want to wait for new cars. And only its left-hand drive stops that being exported.





## Travel Exercise

An H. J. Belle-Lettre

**M**Y gossips tell me that never shall I be out of the top shelf of English literature until I have made my mark deep upon the literature of travel. For a busy man this is difficult, unless he is dishonest and merely hangs about mariners and passes off their yarns as his own. The best I could do was to take a short, sharp trip and wring every ounce out of it, so here is the journal of a cruise, set down hot on my tablets each night.

**Monday.** Set sail. Sea calm, much calmer than a millpond, at least when it comes after the mill. Flying fish a nuisance; stewards busy all day with swatters. Quarrel over my handicap at deck-tennis settled by transfer to rounders. Reading *Daniel Deronda* quite breathlessly. Lesson in shuffleboard from the coach. Weighed anchor to settle bet. Went to Fancy Dress dance in evening as "Man of the Hour"; carried alarm-clock which I frequently let off. Taken for "Father Time," "The Ringer" and "Dawn Chorus" but not for "Man of the Hour." Stars hidden by clouds, so opportunity for descriptive writing missed.

**Tuesday.** Made landfall at two bells. Once ship tied up alongside jetty, work of a moment for passengers to swarm down gangway on to foreign soil. Pestered by beggars, hucksters, customs officials, reporters and pariah dogs. Took barouche into town. Muleteer sang sea shanties. Owing to misunderstanding he conveyed us to polling-booth, apparently touting for votes in elections.

Noted: shops, natives gesticulating, a market, a policeman, flowers in gardens. Tried pretty hard to notice more; but more not there to notice. Lunch at only hotel—pea soup, steak and kidney pie, Christmas pudding. Punkah failed. Questioned waiter on economic conditions, marriage customs and frontier claims. He replied only "Oh, yaas, wizard prang, what!"

Walked up winding road to cliff top. Nothing in sight over sea but our ship which already familiar. On land side only high wall of barracks. Sky cloudless so could not describe clouds. Walked down winding road from cliff top. Tried to get tea at hotel but only billiards available. Returned to ship and gulped down *Daniel Deronda* till bedtime.

**Wednesday.** Desultory day. Passed capes, islands, inlets and porpoises. No rounders as Sports Committee dominated by leap-froggers. Sweep on ship's run cancelled as engines in reverse for part of afternoon. Told this compulsory occasionally to make sure reverse gear works, cf. lowering safety curtain in theatre. Very sad at finishing *Daniel Deronda*. Lady in next deck-chair said she too had troubles and told me some. Worst, I thought, was teetotal cook who used soda-water whenever recipe said sherry. In evening seconded motion in debate "That this House prefers Summer to Winter."

**Thursday.** Made landfall at four bells. Desolate scene—empty bathing huts, bandstand piled with stacked chairs, chained pier. Only one café open and that mainly barber's. No scenery. Checked this carefully but found indubitable. Where houses ended sand dunes began. Inland only marshes. Took tram to see Cromlech. Much restored. Returned to ship and began *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*, solid but impressive.

**Friday.** Made landfall at nine bells, unless miscounted. Fishing smacks in harbour with blue sails. Silvery fish on quay. Church with golden domes. Red cliffs with yellow flowers growing out of them. Ruined castle on skyline. White, fleecy clouds. Occasional puff from distant volcano. Police in cocked hats and white gloves. Touristy.

**Saturday.** At sea all day to rehearse for ship's concert. When not rehearsing read *Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*. Certainly feel I know more about education now, but reading for information always tiring. Concert real good fun, especially Community Singing and Wheel of Death. Gave them my "Rip Van Winkle in Dagenham" and "The Magic Egg Cup" for encore. A rather fast girl put pepper in my tooth-brush while I was on deck to make notes on sky before turning in. Know the culprit, as had been dared to dare her to. Sky blackish.

**Sunday.** Do not know when made landfall as was already made when got up. Small island, roughly a mile each way. Rock, no vegetation, no inhabitants, large numbers of some kind of seabird. Very raucous. Glad when they went off. Man in bows of ship very annoyed as wished to count them. Jokingly said to him, "Perhaps they went as soon as they had counted you." Have made more successful jokes in my time. Did not land, as wished to press on and break the back of *Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*. Dined at Captain's table, mainly on turbot.

**Monday.** Heavy seas, rain, firmament riven by lightning, welkin by thunder. General opinion on board that it would be wise to run under the lee of something for shelter. Apparently this impossible owing to time-table. Much diverted by boat-drill as have been elected stroke. Finished *Fifth Form at St. Dominic's* and revised my notes on it. Storm subsided and landfall made in time for picnic tea. Nothing much of interest to report as on end of mole and land hidden by scaffolding. Very slippery. Early to bed and lay luxuriously reading a French novel lent me by the purser, *Tartarin de Tarascon*.

**Tuesday.** Back to Tilbury, stopping at Weymouth and Brighton on way. Much preferred Brighton. Museum very good indeed. Last night on board. Much interchange of addresses. Fast girl gave hers as Kensington Gore. How difficult it is to judge people on holidays. Made landfall at one, or at most two, bells. Home in time for elevenses, but found breakfast, under covers. Pleased to find marine tang still clung to luggage by late afternoon. Enjoyed trip but find Foreign Travel much over-rated as stimulus to literature. R. G. G. PRICE

## The Contented Carburettor's Song

**I**'M a little carburettor of a little petrol engine of a little "Baby 7" of a little business man; I mix a little air in my very little chamber with a little spray of petrol from a little petrol can; Into a little cylinder a little mixture oozes, and a little spark explodes it and then the little bang Pushes down the little piston, and round go the little wheels of the little "Baby 7" of the little business man.



ANNALS OF A BRANCH LINE

IX—Unusual triple disaster at Loambarrow Bottom

## Notions for 1951

**Q**UITE the gayest suggestion made so far about the 1951 Exhibition is the idea put forward by a correspondent to one of the Sunday newspapers that the National Theatre should be erected in Covent Garden, and that Covent Garden, in order to avoid the traffic congestion that this might otherwise cause between St. Martin's Lane and Kingsway, should be moved to the site on the south bank of the river where the National Theatre is at present destined to arise.

For some reason it had never occurred to me that the Festival of Britain could be planned in quite such a wholesale fashion. I can see that there are excellent precedents for monkeying about with London in a big way, such as the erection, a century ago, of the Crystal Palace in Hyde

Park, of all places, which must have caused no end of letters to the newspapers; and the removal, a few years later, of the Crystal Palace from Hyde Park to Sydenham, of all places, which must have caused quite a lot more. But there it is; I had visualized the 1951 show as a huddle of square concrete pavilions on a bombed site in transpentine London, and the idea of picking up Covent Garden as if it were the flying island of Laputa and dropping it down on the *rive gau'* is bolder than anything I had imagined.

The plan as expressed by the inventive citizen who thought of it includes Covent Garden market only, and is based on sound practical grounds. I always think sound practical grounds are rather boring, though I suppose it is nice to have them tucked away somewhere in a corner of your argument for the benefit of people who like that sort of thing; and though I agree with all his points about railways and roads and things, I think the best possible reason for moving Covent Garden to the south bank is that it would be such

fun. In a way it would be like growing a beard. Hardly anyone really grows a beard because it saves razor-blades or time or physical anguish; beards are grown by people who are sick of seeing the same face every day and have the courage to create for themselves a new one. I hope there are a lot of men with beards on whatever council it is that has in its power the disposal of the Covent Garden project.

Imaginative men like these, too (if I am right in assuming their existence), will agree with me when I say that I think it would be a pity to restrict the transfer to the market alone. For one thing, it would look a bit incongruous, surrounded by the Palace of Agriculture and the Pavilion of Inland Transport and the Public Relations Rotunda. When you stuff a golden plover you don't put it on the bare floor of your glass case and give it no other support than four glass walls and a glass top; you have it standing in two square feet of synthetic boskage, with enough stuffed grass and stuffed moss and other natural objects to create the illusion





that it has come to rest in its natural surroundings. The Covent Garden plan should be extended on this principle to include the Opera House (with Sir Thomas Beecham if he is available), Bow Street police-court, and enough publishers' offices and so on to persuade the foreign visitor that he really is in Covent Garden and not in a cheap modern replica designed for the delusion of foreign visitors.

This could lead to a certain amount of saving in the end, as a gentlemen's agreement might be reached to make the design of the National Theatre identical with that of the Opera House, so that the shells of the buildings could be left where they are, and only the fixtures, fittings and repertoires transferred to the new locations.

All the same, it is hardly right to think about saving when you are considering the replanning of London on a large scale. If the directors of the Midland Railway, who for some obscure reason seem to have had a good deal to do with the planning of the Crystal Palace, had kept saying "But we can't afford it" every five minutes, there would very likely never have been any Crystal Palace; and if there had been no Crystal Palace there might never have been an Albert Hall or an Albert Memorial either. Surely it is worth an extra five shillings on the rates to ensure the continuance of such a tradition.

Now let us consider how to fill the space vacated by Covent Garden market. If time permits, I suggest building a cathedral on it. There are no cathedrals between Westminster and the top of Ludgate Hill, and the Covent Garden site is an ideal spot for another one. However, if no one feels that a cathedral is wanted in a neighbourhood that keeps the most irregular licensing hours, perhaps a sky-scraper or a railway-station or a new extension of the B.B.C. would do; or if none of these exactly fills the bill, the site could be left empty, rose-bay willow-herb planted on it, and the whole thing disguised as a bombed site so that it could be cleared up in the spring of 1951 and used as a car-park.

As this is a time for bold decisions, however, let us assume that we are going to have a cathedral. This will enable us to dispense with the Abbey at Westminster, which is getting very old anyway, and which is only a bow-shot from a nice new one, if you can draw so long a bow. The space cleared could be used for a concert-hall or a block of offices for the Central Office of Information or—yes, a new extension of the B.B.C.; or, alternatively, allowed to become derelict so that it could be

cleared up in the spring of 1951 and used as a car-park.

What else needs doing before the Festival of Britain gets under way? Well, clearly the Queen's Hall must be rebuilt, and while the builders are at work in the neighbourhood I suggest they replace the top of the spire of All Souls', Langham Place. If it is any saving, they might replace it on the Queen's Hall, which would be both ornamental and original. Indeed, the whole church might be re-erected on top of the Queen's Hall, where it would fit quite neatly and leave an open space at the bottom of Portland Place for an extension to the B.B.C., or of course a car-park.

There are, in fact, several buildings in London which might with advantage be re-deployed two deep. St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand are an obvious pair; the Marble Arch and the headquarters of the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place; Nelson's Column and the new London University building in Bloomsbury. Apart from the aesthetic advantage of such an arrangement, it would mean that sightseers would have less walking to do, and that a number of additional spaces would be created for the provision of car-parks.

The question of bridges across the Thames also needs attention. I doubt if the single extra bridge now proposed



*"I don't know anything about art, but I know what they like."*

is going to be enough. Bridges have other uses besides passing traffic from one bank to the other; people like to photograph them, to spit off them, to commit suicide from them, or, in the case of American visitors, to learn their names in order from Twickenham to the sea. There should be at least six more between Blackfriars and Battersea, each with some characteristic novelty of design—one, say, with a roof over it; one made of carved mahogany; one with moving pavements that link with the escalators in the Underground. Apart from anything else, the exhibition is to be on the south bank and all the extra car-parks we have created are on the north side, so a little additional bridge accommodation will be vital.

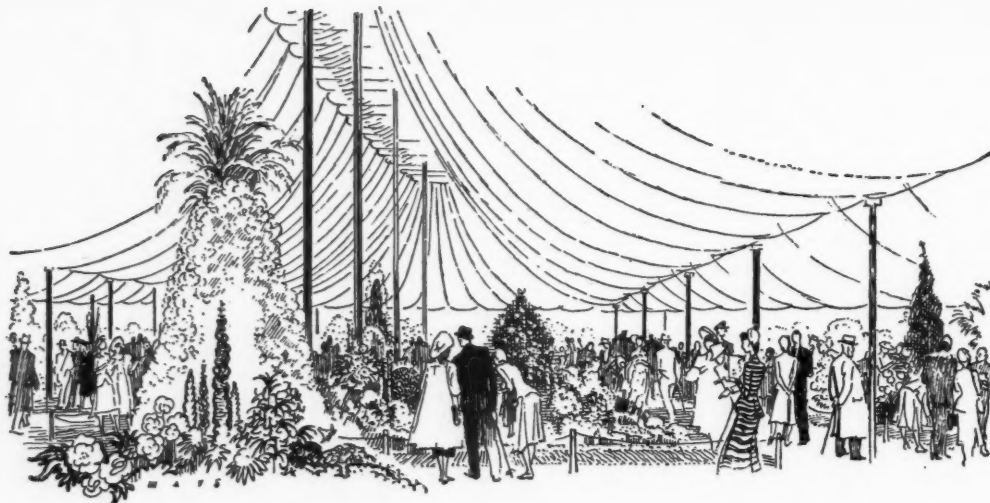
It may seem that some of the suggestions I have made above are a little ambitious. At any rate they might be set as a target; and anything that cannot be achieved by 1951 could be put aside and used later, say in 2051.

B. A. YOUNG

"Miss Coral Coles, who entertained about 40 guests at a 'Come in Bad Taste' party at her home last night, limited her costume to a pair of outsize theatrical eyelashes."

"Sunday Herald," Sydney, N.S.W.

Her guests, we imagine, wore raised eyebrows.



## Chelsea Flower Show

ON a certain day in the year the denizens of south-east Chelsea, closing their many-coloured front doors and turning their steps to the King's Road, are amazed by a sudden vista of cars, cars and more cars; cars packed close and stretching to the end of sight, cars glittering or dripping, but in all weathers an impressive and opulent spectacle. The amazement at this outbreak of automobility is both momentary and unreasonable; for it would be an unworthy inhabitant of this piece of London who did not know that the end of May brought the Chelsea Flower Show, and apparently half England, to the Royal Hospital Grounds by the river for four surging days of high fashion—and, let it be emphasized, of high horticulture.

It is by no means the boast of the Royal Horticultural Society that this annual fixture (which settled in Chelsea in 1912, and which only war has inter-

rupted) should have become an occasion where the flowers at parade are rivalled by the dresses. If you turn to the first page of this year's programme, a pretty solid and permanent handbook, you will find the purpose of this show soberly noted as "partly educational and partly

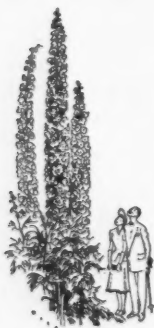
scientific," with its chief aim "the instruction of the Fellows of the Society and of the public, as to what they may reasonably expect their gardens to produce." The rewards of the Show, to the Society, are the spread of knowledge and a yearly crop of new Fellows; to the professional exhibitors who fill most of the stands (though you and I may enter exhibits if we choose or dare), an increase in business about which it is impossible to be statistical but which must, judging by the questions the kind showmen are for ever answering and the catalogues diffidently extracted from the foliage, be considerable. The R.H.S., from its Vincent Square temple whose very corridors echo the visitor's ignorance of the gloxinia world-situation, holds a frankly uncommercial attitude to its box-office bonanza. "We don't even know how many people go," they will tell you, adding, "and if we did we wouldn't say."

Incidentally, before 1912 the Show was held in the Inner Temple Gardens. One wonders how they would now dispose the cars.

Before we click the turnstile past the Royal Hospital's ancient tombstones or down by the Embankment, let us pay tribute to the work involved in turning a free-and-easy playground into the walled gardens and waterfalls, the proud expanse of marquees, the miniature shopping-town which make up the general dazzlement of transformation. In the first week of May the Secretary of the Society, Brigadier C. V. L. Lycett, moves in with his

army of contractors, regulars armed with miles of steel scaffolding, and a quantity of detachments employed by the exhibitors of private gardens—which may cost up to £1,000. For a fortnight the heaving and the quarrying are an indication that something is afoot, but the finishing stages—the upspringing of little garden-houses, the down-rooting of ancient shrubberies behind mellow brick-walls, the assemblage of glasshouses, the massing of innumerable flowers—these are last-stage wonders. The total output of pre-show calories may be fairly underestimated by anyone who has arranged a single vase in a hurry for an occasion.

The usual difficulty of not knowing where to begin hardly applies to this exhibition. We shall probably make first for the two giant marquees into whose acres (almost three) every flower-exhibit that could be found room for has been crammed in this bumper year; crammed but not crowded, for the spectators must be got in too, so that those lucky enough to avoid the rush find grace and space to contribute to that pleasant marquee-atmosphere of green thoughts in a canvas shade. But to the flowers; though we may have entered past a glory of sweet peas, radiant flames and



reds, and come next to an equally moving display of mixed vegetables. Vegetables are naturally in the minority, but where they are shown they abound. A passing salute to those pyramids of tomatoes and beans, as neat as Nature's way with the leaves of a globe artichoke, and a note on the present-day restraint of marrows.

Having mentioned restraint, this seems the right place for the begonias. I assume that we have travelled the marquee, made notes of our next season's tulip-bulbs, goggled at the colour-range of the azalea and mass effect of the orchid and arrived (this is only the first time round) in the West Marquee at the competition entries. Here it is that the potential size of the begonia hits you with full force; though there has been growing evidence that the begonia in show business is barely related to those nice waxy little flowers it used to be so easy to bang an old tennis-ball into. I wish I had measured one of these giants for you; but something about flower-shows discourages exhibitionism except in the exhibits. Look, for example, at a nearby exotic happening which I can only describe as the opposite of the simple daisy. In colour a peacock-blue with orange stamens, in shape small and smooth, its clusters beset



with long bare spikes, it is flowering for the first time in sixteen years and is compelling a huge degree of expert awe.

In the scientific section we find an uninhibited sniffer inhaling boxes of good and bad compost. This exhibit will doubtless have attracted much expert meditation, for in the rapidly expanding compost world all are fanatics. Chromosomes may not yet have the same following, but the increasing number of sweet-corn enthusiasts may



like to know that were it not for chromosomes they would be spreading butter, I mean margarine, on their faces off a chocolate-coloured cob; while loofah-enthusiasts will rejoice that between the wild and the domestic variety lies about a yard of intensive cultivation.

But again to the flowers; to the lupins and the delphiniums, the rhododendrons, the carnations, the roses, to the heart and beauty of the Show. The trouble is that they are so beautiful; that while it would be possible to pick out the technically spectacular, one cannot halt and say "Ah! here is something lovely," where everything is so large and luminous. We may pay a lump sum of homage and say that here, to our own garden efforts, are so many Charles Augustus Fortescues to show what everybody might become by simply doing right.

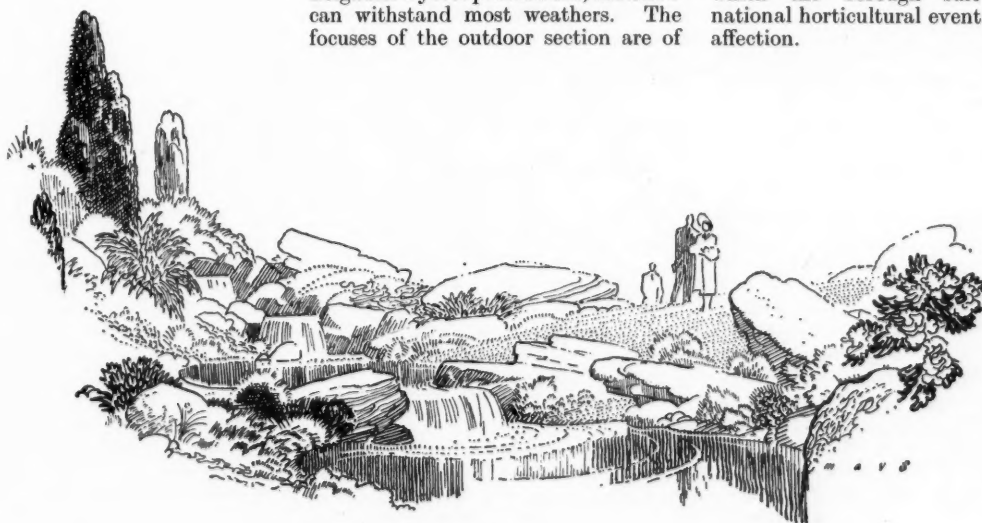
What of the open air? We have most unfairly hurried over the marquees—shall we go back for the tiny rose that slips through a wedding-ring, or the sheer height of the delphiniums?—but there is much to be seen while the rain holds off. On the first day it was scattered through the morning; better and worse were to follow, but as Brigadier Lyceet pointed out, the Show can withstand most weathers. The focuses of the outdoor section are of



course the gardens; among them an incredibly long-established piece of walled and swarded loveliness, a terraced and cascaded rock-garden and a delectable scheme for making the best of a prefab. This, say the W.V.S. who produce it, makes use of a little more ground than some prefabs have, but it is a highly practical delight of flowers and vegetables and even makes a charming cottage of the standard box. From the more concrete merchandise—though if you wish you may order a whole garden as easily as a deck-chair—from the lawn-mowers, the pest-killers, the wealth of rustic wood and striped canvas, statuary, ladders, wrought-iron and flower-vases, the necessarily selective eye singles out the under-glass department, the houses, the frames and the patent cloches for their strong representation and provocative desirability.

Four days and the Show is over; four progressively "popular" days beginning with the ticket-holding Fellows and Associates (a limited edition but 30,000 strong) and ending with the half-crowners, to whom the more perishable flowers, which have held out bravely with occasional reinforcements, are sold in great bunches at ridiculous prices. This year a champion show of carnations went on to the Chelsea Floral Ball, a climax to the now yearly jollifications by which the borough surrounds its national horticultural event with local affection.

ANDE





## At the Pictures

### The Snake Pit—Caught

TO avoid *The Snake Pit* (Director: ANATOLE LITVAK) as "too harrowing," or to see it only as a curiosity and to be able to say you have seen it, would be alike unfair; for it contains much first-rate stuff, and it is meant not to harrow but to inform, to widen sympathy, and to give (as the Foreword says) "a message of hope." The least satisfactory points about this story of a young wife's treatment for insanity and her eventual cure arise from the popular film's usual trouble, over-simplification. For one thing, although the springs of the girl's trouble are all in the mind, they have to be made audible and visible, and audible and visible to the least observant, the least intuitive member of the audience. Again, every step in her treatment has to be clearly demonstrated to this stolid spectator; so clearly demonstrated, it looks easy—and easy is not the word for the process of curing such insanity as this.

To be sure it's made clear too that in this instance there were fearsome difficulties. The American mental hospital concerned was dreadfully overcrowded and understaffed, and some of the attendants brutally unsympathetic. This, in fact, seems more in tune with the "snake pit" idea of the title, the idea that the shock of contact and self-comparison with miserably insane people in bad conditions may help to cure a milder case; though from the way the story is told here we get the impression that the real cure was effected by a kindly psychiatrist, plodding through the simple think-back-to-your-childhood routine to which innumerable film psychiatrists have accustomed us.

So much for the weaker points. An outstandingly strong one is the performance of OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND in the part of the young wife. Her uneasy, altogether credible waverings between blank-minded unhappiness and desperate conscious efforts to get well, her puzzled exploration of lengthening moments of lucidity, are beautifully done. LEO GENN gives a sound, matter-of-fact portrait of the gentle persevering doctor. The other inmates

of the hospital, grotesque or touching, frightening or pathetic, are skilfully played and disturbingly convincing, but they are not allowed to overweight the film with horror. Shocking it is, but shocking in a salutary way, and I think its "message of hope" comes over.



(The Snake Pit)

#### THE GIRL RECOVERED OF THE BITE—

The Doctor—LEO GENN

The Girl—OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

There is a surprising amount of pleasure to be got from *Caught* (Director: MAX OPULS). The story is basically undistinguished and could easily be made to sound ridiculous in a bare summary; the characters are basically from stock, and a word or two of bare description would sum them up completely for any constant moviegoer. But the acting and the invention and presentation of detail

ing in the deserted office, the troublesome children in the waiting-room, even such tiny touches as a visitor's uncertainty about the position of a light-switch, as well as the visual brilliance, that gives constant interest to the whole thing. This is a striking example of the way script, acting, direction and photography can make a commonplace story worth seeing.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Survey

In-town recommendation: still the Academy's programme, which you may just catch before it's changed—*Angelina* and *Quai des Brumes*. But the Tatler is making a bid with an unusually strong pair: *Kiss of Death*, an excellent crime-and-suspense piece (reviewed here September 1st last year), and that very funny domestic comedy *Sitting Pretty* (reviewed June 23rd).

As always, it's impossible to mention more than one or two of the worthwhile films to be found at local cinemas; and this time I can only observe that that diversely satisfying pair, *The Window* and *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*, still seem to be going about together, and that *The Accused* is apparently also (as the harassed race-commentator cries) "there."

RICHARD MALETT



(Caught)

#### THE DOC. IT WAS THAT DIED

The Girl—BARBARA BEL GEDDES

The Doctor—JAMES MASON

## Continuity, I Suppose

I IMAGINE it was something like this . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

"Who is this geek, anyway?"

"Why, he sings."

The seven men round the conference table heaved a collective sigh. Well, that was one thing settled without argument . . .

"So he gets a half-hour broadcast, eh?" It was the original questioner again, a short, stubby man with dark hair and heavy rings under his eyes.

"Yes, that's right, Joe. A half-hour broadcast."

"And I have to write the script for it?"

"Well, that's about it, Joe. You write the continuity, see? Kind of tie it all up."

"Can't he just sing?"

For a moment there was silence. Then several voices spoke at once.

"Course not, Joey boy."

"Got to co-ordinate it."

"Got to tie it all up."

"Must have continuity."

"Okay, okay. I only asked, see?"

"All right." It was the producer speaking. "Now let's get everything straight. Mr. Greenshields will do a half-hour programme accompanied by the Variety Orchestra. The Orchestra will have two three-minute solos at approximately ten and twenty minutes past the hour. Eileen Massingham will announce. Mr. Greenshields has already decided what he will sing. I have his programme here."

He paused while typewritten sheets were distributed.

"What we have to discuss now," he continued, "is the angle Joe takes in Eileen's script."

There was another pause while everyone looked at Joe.

"Toreador's Song," said Joe, reading from the typewritten sheet; "followed by 'Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life.'" He ran his hands through his hair. "Doesn't give you much of a chance, does it?"

The producer coughed.

"Come now, Joe," he said. "It shouldn't be difficult. I mean, you've several facts to work on. Mr. Greenshields is pretty well known. He's made two or three films. The last was in"—he paused to consult his notes—"in 1938."

Joe looked up. "Film-actor, is he?" he asked. "Hold everything a minute . . ."

The producer leaned back in his chair. Then . . .

"I got it!" Joe cried. "Human interest!"

There was a murmur of approval.

"That's it, Joey boy!"

"Good old Joe!"

Joe raised a hand for silence. "The way I figure it is this," he said. "This Eileen who's announcing, she acts she's all lonesome somewhere and she says to herself 'Gee, I wish I could hear this Greenshields' geek sing the 'Toreador's Song,' or something like that, see? And at that moment he comes by singing that very song."

He glanced at the producer, who nodded encouragement.

"And then, when it's over, she goes up to him and she says 'Gee, are you really Mr. Greenshields?' and he says 'Yes, I am,' and she says 'Gee, Mr. Greenshields, I've admired you ever so long. This is a big thrill for me.' And then you get a soft sort of intro. from the Orchestra and he sings 'Ah, Sweet

Mystery of Life.' Sort of all leads on naturally."

"That's it, Joey boy."

"And then she asks him what he's doing here and he tells her he's looking for his lost love, and then he sings 'Parted,' which comes next. And after that the Orchestra plays the Overture to 'William Tell' which this Eileen introduces by saying she thought his singing of 'Parted' was swell and how she's always loved that song, and then he asks her if she likes opera and she says 'Gee, yes,' and he says 'I've always liked "William Tell" and particularly the Overture,' and she says 'Gee, yes, it's swell,' and the Orchestra goes right on and plays it. Why, dammit," said Joe, "it's a cinch."

"An absolute cinch."

"Can't go wrong."

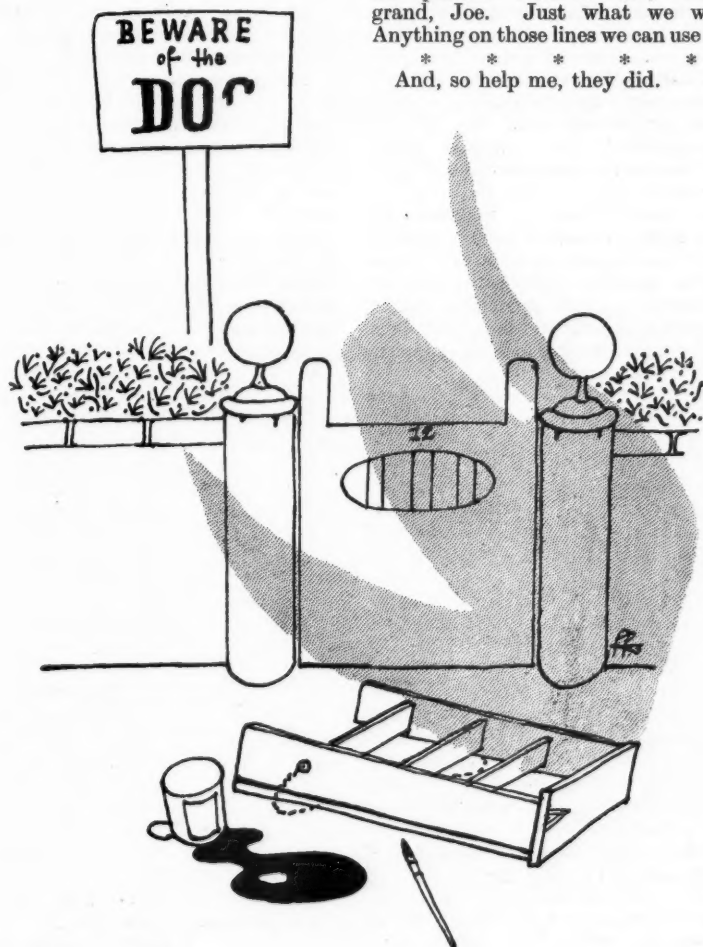
"Just it, Joey boy."

"A cinch . . ."

The producer paused before giving his opinion. Then he said, "That's grand, Joe. Just what we want. Anything on those lines we can use . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

And, so help me, they did.



## Nothing Much in the Post

ONE result of the vast increase in the circulation of newspapers during the last thirty years has been the birth and rapid rise to prosperity of the "private" news-letter. In the nineteenth century news travelled slowly, its dissemination hampered by inadequate communications, illiteracy and—let it be admitted—a certain apathy to what are now lovingly known as "trends." Ordinary popular channels of information proved more than sufficient for a people who vastly preferred the unreliable but colourful murmurings of local gossip to the cold precision of the official bulletin. But two world wars and a switchback of economic and political booms and slumps have altered all that. To-day, judging from the circular and samples I have just received, the "thinking section" of Britain's population feels starved of intelligence unless it can supplement its study of the radio news, the daily papers and the specialized weeklies with the inside dope of the news-letter.

I didn't know this before.

A news-letter, it seems, is a document containing information which in some mysterious way has slipped through Fleet Street's fingers. This information is of immense significance whichever way you look at it, but for easier assimilation it is presented colloquially in the form of an ordinary, chatty and slipshod letter. The deception is brilliantly effective: there are occasional spelling mistakes, typing slips, crossings-out and blots, and once in a while things like kisses appear

after the flourishing stamped signature of the sender and before the inevitable "P.S." This is education without tears and ice-packs.

Now I have been looking into this news-letter business rather thoroughly and I am driven to the conclusion that it should be extended. At the moment it covers but a small corner of the field of human interest and endeavour, and caters only for those whose primary urge is either to make a heap of money or to do better than keep abreast of *The Times*. The lowest form of news-letter of course is the racing tipster's, which consists merely of a yellowish or pinkish envelope and an enclosed slip bearing the name of a horse and a few puzzling hieroglyphics: Ep. 3.30—Roger's Mate II e.w.

It may not be much of a news-letter but it satisfies our definition of "private information which must not be passed on or reproduced in whole or in part in any form whatsoever."

The most common form of news-letter is one that makes a compote of the economic and political tittle-tattle of the moment and laces the whole thing with a dash of "hitherto undisclosed" items which may be either the fruits of independent research or the guesses of keyhole observers. Typical paragraphs from such letters run like this:

"Business facts now warrant firmer conclusions about the future. The seasonal signs are up, and they tend to hide the permanent drift. Some of the seasonal trends are weaker than is normally expected at this time of year."

"A series of recedings, point by point, with the bottom not yet in sight. While this is not the good news confidently expected this month it is in line with the facts, and with the pointers for the future. It seems better to face what's coming now than to run into bitter disappointment later."

"Theoretically there could be a simultaneous downward adjustment of many lines, enough to make a recession at least, or a slump at worst, but this is not really on the cards at the moment, not expected.

There may be a slight tapering off of business in certain fields, but much more likely is a steady flow of activity with the upward adjustments compensating the national economy for certain temporary downward adjustments."

"So where are we? All that can be said at present is that last year the expected slump did not materialize to any extent, that this year we've so far kept our heads above water in spite of you know what . . . and that next year, and the rest of this year, we'll be . . . well, let's be frank and say we don't know. But the coming months will provide a clue."

It is not this kind of news-letter that I wish to see extended. I want the news-letter to branch out and cover subjects that interest me. I should like a weekly bulletin devoted entirely to gossip from the cricket pavilions, stuff that doesn't get into the papers. I am prepared to pay handsomely for the actual words used by X when he was l.b.w. to Y last week, and the detailed reactions of Z on being run out at ninety-four. Things like that. I should also like to read a news-letter dealing with meat and drink and providing inside dope from the restaurants and pubs. It would be worth a lot to know which waiter to approach for cigarettes at A's, which nights to avoid fish at B's, and what is the current rate of tipping at D's. And, naturally, I shall not be entirely satisfied until a scene like this is possible;

"You get the tickets, will you. I want a paper."

"Get one for me—the *Ensign* if they've got it."

"Okay."

"Oh, and get me a joke, there's a good chap."

"Sixpenny or shilling?"

"The ones in the blue envelopes—'Armitage's Special Ribticklers,' I think they're called."

"I always go for Johnson's, myself: they're short and snappy, terribly good. I bought one last week and it lasted me all the way from Cockfosters to Earl's Court. I howled!"

"What was it about?"

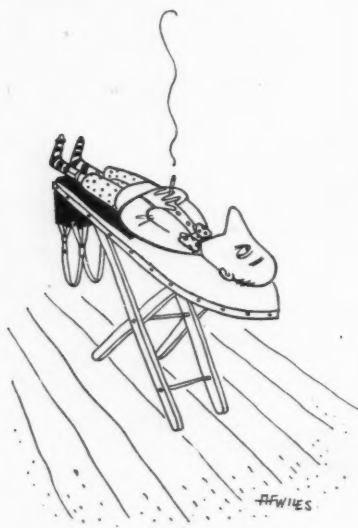
"Well, it appears that there were three geezers in a fox-hole in Borneo—like, Mike and . . . hey! What is this? You know the rules about joke-letters!"

"Aw, go on!"

"Sorry, old boy—private information that mustn't be passed on in whole or in part in any form whatsoever."

"Bring me two then, and make 'em rich."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





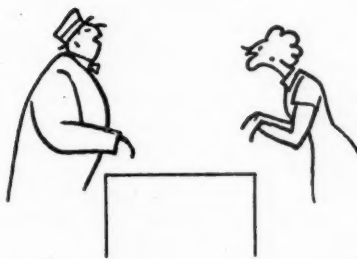
# SUPPLY AND DEMAND

## A Progress Diagram

young man



1938. "Certainly, sir—what sort do you prefer?"



1939. "... afraid we haven't a VERY large selection."



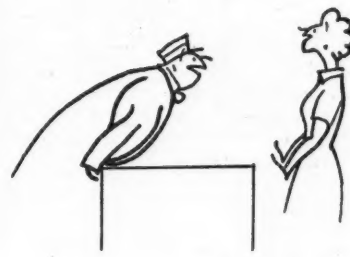
1940. "... hardly any in stock JUST at the moment."



1941. "... expecting some in a DAY or two."



1942. "... USED to stock them, but—"



1943. "... don't know WHERE you'd find any nowadays."



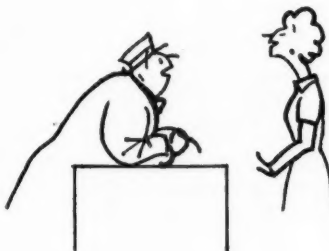
1944. "... don't think they're MAKING them any more."



1945. "Not HERE we don't."



1946. "Never HEARD of them."



1947. "Well, maybe SOME day they may come back."



1948. "Perhaps you MIGHT find an odd one somewhere."



1949. "Well, I suppose I COULD put your name on our waiting list—just on the off-chance, that is."



"Yes, yes, I KNOW it's too big, but how is it for style?"

## Half-Term Exeat

YOUNG Tich said that this was Rogerson and Peters couldn't come, so he had brought Coates minor instead. In order not to keep anyone waiting they had washed before leaving the school.

Some minutes later Rogerson, speaking for the first time, said that it was wizard to see chips again, and how many was he allowed.

Coates minor said that as far as he was concerned it was wizard to see any sort of food again, and, about the chips, why not count them and divide by the assembled company.

Rogerson said that it would be a reasonably wizard idea if they were not all different sizes, and that if only young Tich were a late bedder they could stay two hours longer.

Young Tich said that he knew and that that was his funeral, but he would be ten next term, actually.

Coates minor said that he had had his tenth birthday on May the twelfth and he could never remember a worse one. He had been in the Sick Wing feeling sick, had just managed to struggle down to tea to share his cake, but had only been there two minutes when he had to go because he was feeling sick again, and sick he had been. He could never remember a rottener birthday.

Young Tich said that he knew, but had anyone noticed the pile of thirty-one plates in front of him at tea yesterday.

Rogerson said that though it had been a super sight he

had been even more impressed by the egg-cup castle at the Sixth Form Table—six and then five and so on, really rather smashing, and might he possibly have some more chips.

Young Tich's mother expressed some apprehension as to breakages, but was assured that there was no danger as the egg-cups were made, it was thought, of iron. So, at times, were the eggs.

Young Tich's father was informed that not many boys had been biffed up to date. It was admitted that Davies had been biffed twice, but then he always was, and one boy had nearly been sacked. The trouble had been a sheath-knife. Sheath-knives were not allowed and, to avoid needless worry on the part of the Old Man, he had ordered one to be sent to the Cottage, where the gardener lived.

Coates minor thought that it would have been perfectly all right if the shop had not followed up with a list of the things it sold.

Young Tich said that he meant a catalogue.

Coates minor asked what a catalogue was, and on being told that it was a list of the things you sell maintained that that was what he had said, and that anyhow the Old Man had wondered why it was addressed to the Cottage and the whole thing had come out. The boy had nearly been sacked but he hadn't been. What was more, he was a jolly good cricketer.

Rogerson said that he liked cricket, generally went in first and was accustomed to field at point.

Young Tich said that he usually fielded somewhere on Rogerson's right, and that he thought this was a jolly good dinner and a much more super hotel than the one where his people had stayed last year when the landlady would not leave them alone and talked all the time when he was feeling homesick.

Rogerson agreed about the dinner.

Coates minor said that in his opinion homesickness was grim. He recalled the occasion when he had lain awake until nearly twenty minutes past one, feeling dreadful, during the first night of his second term. He hadn't been able to get over it. He had not been able to get over it. However, he had stopped being homesick now, and he imagined that young Tich had as well.

Young Tich thought that he probably had, but would know for certain to-morrow. But wouldn't it be grim to have to go away to school to another country, like Russia for instance.

Coates minor said that Russia was really ghastly, but he felt he ought to be fair. Apparently Russia was not entirely to blame. He understood from his father that it was about three-quarters Russia and one-quarter us.

Rogerson was prepared to concede one-quarter us, but was inclined to put Russia at seven-eighths. Of course he realized that our Government was pretty awful.

Young Tich confessed that he could never remember whether it was the Government or Parliament that was awful, but anyway it was a pity that Guy Fawkes was not still alive. In reply to Coates minor he said that he realized that Guy Fawkes had not been much of a success in the past, but if he were still alive he would have learnt a lot from the first time.

In answer to a question Rogerson said that he could not manage one more thing, thanks awfully.

Coates minor and young Tich concurred.

"BETTER CONDITIONS FOR THE POLICE  
GOOD PROSPECTS OF NEW MEAT AGREEMENT"  
Headings in "The Sunday Times"

Come to the cookhouse door, boys!

## Postal Order

FOR several years I was sure of finding Mrs. Wappit at the post-office end of the tobacconist-newsagent's. Usually a neatly folded cat or two could be seen sleeping contentedly on the flat top bar of the little cage, symbolizing Mrs. Wappit's own beautiful calm.

The longest queue, the most feverish rush, left her serene. She could tell you, almost without looking, how to stamp a Christmas card bound for Easter Island, or a wedding present going to Peru; and she helped you, with unobtrusive skill, to trim your telegrams and cut your cables. She had no idea what she was doing to our neighbourhood when she retired from it and took her cats with her.

We were let down gently by what the newsagent called a Temporary. The Temporary was a severe young woman who knew her job; I can't remember her face. Then the fun started, if I may use such a flippant word for it.

I had no objection to the snaky brass-coloured curls, nor the long, long scarlet nails; none, either, to the impressive acreage of flamboyant jewellery. What I minded was the tearing.

Miss Vine could provide you with nothing—not even a halfpenny stamp—without tearing some part of it. I think she hated her work. Probably when she was a baby and bumped her head on the floor, her mother instructed her to hit the naughty floor.

Not only did Miss Vine manage to tear all paper coming under her jurisdiction; she also wielded her rubber stamp savagely, as though clubbing parcels and letters to death. I felt quite upset when I heard that she was leaving to get married, thinking of the wear and tear on household articles.

"Who's coming next?" I asked the newsagent. He didn't seem to know. But he soon found out; it was Mrs. Kettles.

Whatever the weather, it did not please Mrs. Kettles. It either suffocated her and made her heart palpitate, or else it was so cold that she wished, audibly, that she had never got up that morning. She moaned a little to herself all the time, and gave out bits of useful information like, "I'm longing, simply longing, to take my shoes off."

It made you think twice about asking Mrs. Kettles even to give change when, with tragic eyes, she passed you a book of stamps with one hand and patted her heart with the other.

For several months the neighbourhood heard about chilblains, breathlessness, and longings for tea or aspirin, if Mrs. Kettles felt gay; when she was in a bad mood her conversation consisted of black hints about what she could do to Them for imagining that one solitary person could manage a busy post office like that. However, They finally came to agree with Mrs. Kettles, and she moved on.

Next came a small, vague person who could talk of nothing but Canada. It really was extraordinary how she brought Canada into everything; it was her King Charles's head. I'd buy a sixpenny air-letter and she'd tell me earnestly that that was exactly the type of letter she found so convenient for sending her sister in—yes, you've guessed it—Canada. So it was hardly a surprise when she packed up and went there.

Then the man came.

"Mr. Skipp is as keen as mustard," the newsagent told me happily, on the man's first morning.

Indeed, Mr. Skipp did flash an impressive row of sharp white teeth as though anxious to get them into some work. There were only two drawbacks: first, Mr. Skipp did everything wrong; and second, he refused to believe it.

I missed Mrs. Wappit passionately, particularly when I asked for two dozen halfpenny stamps and Mr. Skipp tried to palm me off with a dozen penny ones instead, telling me aggressively that after all it amounted to the same thing; and when, having made out my new wireless licence and dated it as due to expire the week before, he blamed it all, with perverse adroitness, on me, snapping his teeth quite fiercely the while.

It got me down. I began to dream about those teeth and to think out

arguments for the defence before even entering the post office. I'd walk up and down outside, rehearsing quietly.

That's how I happened to bump into Mrs. Wappit one morning.

"Dear Mrs. Wappit!" I exclaimed, clutching her arm. She looked startled, but rallied and said that she was "up for the day."

The sight of those competent hands, that comfortable, bespectacled face, moved me deeply; I had to swallow three times before I could say: "You remind me of happier times. How do you like not working?"

"Not working!" said Mrs. Wappit. "Why, I'm postmistress down at Little Carving."

I gasped, nodded, then braced myself and strode into the post office.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see that there was a new being in the cage. This one was counting stamps with a flourish and singing "Annie Laurie," quite loudly; but my business was with the newsagent.

"I'd like to cancel my paper for the next six weeks," I told him.

"Going on holiday?" he asked.

"More of a rest cure," I said. "At Little Carving."



"He caught Edrich there twice last year."





*"I think that one suits you."*

## The Burning Tree

THESE eyes of mine  
which miss so much  
have been  
blessed by the sight  
of the soul itself of light,  
for I have seen  
the wind's fingers running arpeggios  
of ripples over the river  
and at their touch,  
so clear the water was,  
vibrating bands  
Greek fires of rhythms through the water ran,  
O light, light burned  
unquenched in the water  
mingled more subtly than  
the mind, that subtle instrument, could apprehend  
with currents within the river,  
and, as the river  
laves rock and root,  
weed, mud, and lily-shoot,  
the swimming fish, the sunken log,  
so laved  
these currents of light the river and its bed.

Brandywine brown, with shadows of soft tar  
beneath the pebbles,  
the river was that day  
running beneath a tunnel of sky-and-trees,  
trees greener than the heart itself could say  
were it to cry:  
"I love you, green, above all other colour."

So would my heart have said  
but for the Greek-fire-golds in the brandy  
water  
and then,  
oh, then, the water-shadows' play  
over a sycamore made that blessing fuller.

Diastole,  
systole,  
flames of pure light beat over the tree  
contracting, dilating, flickering free,  
running up bole and branch and twig  
and down again and over each fig  
shape of a leaf of the sycamore  
until the whole tree burned with frore  
flames,  
burned with living light, and lived.

I praised God that I had received  
so blessed a sight  
in recompense  
for the failure of my sense  
so often, in not seeing clear  
enough, His works. I would hold  
dear  
indeed the price if I were told  
that any mortal, young or old,  
could behold  
with living eyes that living light,  
that burning-bush-of-glory tree  
and yet not see, and yet not see.

R. C. SCRIVEN



### THE DROWNING ROBOT

"Just hold on for twelve months or so"

**MONDAY, May 23rd.—**

Students of facial expression (and what cinema fan is not?) would have had a whale of a time in the House of Commons to-day. Practically every emotion within the range of normal human beings was registered by the expressions of Ministers as they sat in a row on the Treasury Bench, and many of the more observant Opposition Members, with the all-seeing Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN at their head, found the spectacle entertaining.

There was Sheer Delight, registered on the expressive face of Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, the young Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, when the entire House gave him a roaring cheer to greet his engagement to Miss Cecily Ludlam, a British diplomat. With a smile any film star might have envied, he thanked his fellow-Members for their good wishes.

There was Innocent Contrition by Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, as he explained that he had, a few days ago, misled the House about a detail of the detention of an American Communist at Southampton. The House, as is customary, accepted the explanation without comment.

There was Haughty Embarrassment, shown in the facial appearance of Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, the Food Minister, as he launched a long, long explanation of his Department's great plan to end the black market. The expression deepened as he admitted that an official had been given more than £2,300 of the taxpayers' money with which to make "test purchases." It became positively intense as he went on to admit that the methods used bordered on those of the *agent provocateur*, and that love's labour (along with the £2,300) had been lost, as, on his instructions, no prosecutions resulted.

But most expressive of all the Ministerial faces was that of Mr. WILFRED PALING, the Postmaster-General. Some of his expressions, it was clear, were unofficial and not meant for the camera, but he went bravely through the awkward rôle given to him by Producer HERBERT MORRISON—even though it was plain that he had never even seen the most important part of the script before.

The House was discussing the proposal to raise the rentals of telephones—the plan which brought an indignant "Oh!" from all over the House as Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS presented his Budget proposals a couple of months ago. Mr. PALING, armed with a heavy dossier and a still heavier style,

**Impressions of Parliament**

**Monday, May 23rd.—**House of Lords: Ireland Bill  
House of Commons: Phoney War

**Tuesday, May 24th.—**House of Lords: Steel Bill Clash  
House of Commons: National Health Bill

**Wednesday, May 25th.—**House of Lords: Steel Again  
House of Commons: Right of Appeal Does Not Appeal

**Thursday, May 26th.—**House of Lords: Ireland Bobs Up Again  
House of Commons: Bulk Purchase Under Fire

went to the Table and built up a magnificent case for the increases. One could almost visualize him striding up and down in front of the jury-box, making the sort of face-to-face appeal familiar to all patrons of "the pictures." In fact he seemed to be overcome with his own eloquence and the sheer unanswerable power of his case.

Then Mr. MORRISON (who, like most producers, has little respect for stars)



Impressions of Parliamentarians

85. Lord Samuel

unceremoniously jerked the P.M.G.'s coat-tails, thrust a new script before him and sat back with a "Get-yourself-out-of-that!" expression. Mr. PALING lived up to his name—then turned bright red. Urged on by growls from the producer, he stammered his way through the script, and found that he had, in a few well-chosen words (the producer's), completely demolished his case for the increases and announced their virtual abandonment. All his earlier eloquence, in fact, had merely been a "phoney war."

As he sat down he registered Bewilderment, an expression that was also shown by Captain CROOKSHANK, on the Opposition Front bench, when he asked what it was all about. But the P.M.G. did not know either, so that was that.

It was left to Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN

to demonstrate Joy. He did it by quoting a letter from an official of the Central Office of Information inquiring recently whether the reproduction rights in *Gulliver's Travels*—by J. Swift, were available. For the information of the House (and of the official concerned) Mr. B. pointed out that the author had been dead more than two hundred years.

Mr. MORRISON completed the picture gallery by a representation (clearly genuine) of Acute Embarrassment, as he admitted it was a "fair cop."

Over in the Lords things were a little clearer, even though it was the Ireland Bill that was under debate. Lord Chancellor JOWITT moved the Second Reading in his usual persuasive manner and there were speeches for and against it.

LORD KILLANIN, who is a citizen of the new Republic, and had crossed from Ireland specially for the debate, expressed the welcome view that, although the Bill did injustice to Southern Ireland by appearing to support partition, no violence would result. Lord SALISBURY said that though he could not vote for the Bill, he would not vote against it, and in the end nobody voted, for the measure was given its Second Reading without a division.

**TUESDAY, May 24th.—**The Second Reading of the Iron and Steel Bill was moved in the Lords by Lord HALL, but it was left to Lord SALISBURY, leading the Conservatives, to provide the drama. He announced that his Party would alter the Bill so that the nationalization of the industry would take place in October 1950, instead of in May of that year. The point was that the later date would certainly be after the next Election, so that the electors would have had a chance to confirm (or reverse) their 1945 vote, assumed to be in favour of nationalization.

"And," said Lord SALISBURY, "on that we shall stand!"

When Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, was talking about painless childbirth, in the Commons, two young men rose up in the public gallery and carried out a private leaflet raid on the Minister, the subject being the fate of the Communist detained in London with a view to his extradition to the United States on a perjury charge. It was quite the most exciting interlude in a somewhat dull debate.

Captain PETER THORNEYCROFT, whose Private Member's Bill to make



the use of analgesics in child-birth more general is still before the House, in spite of bitter resistance from the Minister, offered to drop it if Mr. BEVAN would insert some such provision in the National Health Service Amendment Bill, which was under discussion. He did not care, said the Captain gallantly, who got the kudos, so long as mothers got the relief from pain. But Mr. BEVAN said he could not have bargaining over the fate of Bills and left it unclear what is to happen.

Captain THORNEYCROFT, who has the presence of a very he-man film star, registered Puzzlement.

**WEDNESDAY, May 25th.**—The battle of the Steel Bill was continued to-day in the House of Lords, with the Government forces looking hopefully (or was it questioningly?) to the Liberals for possible support. If it was hope, it was soon dispelled, for Lord SAMUEL, in his unequivocal way, said his Party would oppose to the end. Lord ADDISON, Leader of the House, assumed that non-committal expression he so often has to wear when faced with the prospect of defeat, and when the time came he left the House guessing about the alteration of date which Lord SALISBURY intends to force.

He merely said the proposal would be "noted." As a Labour Party meeting had just ended, at which the leaders had been stern with "rebels" in the ranks, Lord A. was perhaps playing for safety. He certainly gave nothing away, by word or expression.

Lord SALISBURY announced that his suggestion to put off the operation of the Bill until after the election was intended to hold up the whole plan, and not merely the handing-over to State control.

Lord SAMUEL thought the Government and the Labour Party had got itself into a position where it dare not retreat, however disastrous an advance might be. This brought a roar of Opposition cheers, and embarrassed grins from the Government benches.

Lord ADDISON did not explain why the Government was opposed to giving the electors a chance of "second thoughts" before the plan came into effect. The Bill was given a formal Second Reading, without a division.

The House of Commons was talking about appeals from decisions on land development charges. The Lords had inserted in the Lands Tribunal Bill a provision for appeals, but the Government was against this, and the Attorney-General, Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, appeared for the Cabinet in the



*"The keynote of this year's Economic Survey seems to be 'Bread or Circuses'."*

appeal to the Commons against the decision of the Lords.

Conservative speakers complained that the refusal of the right of appeal was unfair, but Sir HARTLEY's case was that an appeal system would make the whole system more rigid and therefore, possibly, less just. The House, in the end, cut out the Lords' amendment by 225 votes to 129.

At Question-time Mr. TOM MACPHERSON, who has made a success of the Thames "water-bus" service, asked that a seaplane base be set up on London's river. But Mr. GEORGE LINDGREN, Under-Secretary for Civil Aviation, said it could not be done, because the seaplanes and the shipping would be an embarrassment to each other. Mr. MACPHERSON seemed unconvinced.

Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER, Minister of Defence, drew gasps from the House by announcing that the annual cost of defence, per head, was about £15. To soften the blow he added, in effect, that, the state of the world being what it is, it was a good investment.

**THURSDAY, May 26th.**—It was a great day for Sir WALDRON SMITHERS, for the subject under discussion was the Government's bulk-purchase policy. This Sir WALDRON has pursued (in the hostile sense) in season and out for many months, and even Mr. STRACHEY at his rudest has not been able to quell him.

Sir W. had many allies to-day, and it was quite an interesting—if inconclusive—debate.

In the Lords, Lord SIMON's learning and research presented the Government with new difficulties over the Ireland Bill, and, after an inconclusive debate, the whole thing was adjourned to another day. It seemed (to the unlearned in the law) that nobody born in Ireland was an "Irish citizen" in the eyes of the law (or, at any rate, of some lawyers), and that fact made nonsense of much of the Bill.

However, there are always many opinions (and all of them highly authoritative) in a House of Lords' debate, so perhaps it will all work out right in the end.



*"The job holds excellent opportunities for a go-ahead man—our last cashier got clear out of the country with fifteen thousand pounds in negotiable bonds."*

## Doctor's Disorders

**L**ATE again," said the doctor, taking off his jacket and hanging it on a peg. "Why don't you buy an alarm-clock?"

"If you will tell me," I replied, as I sat down and began to unlace my shoes, "what make of time-piece will prevent the tyres of my bicycle deflating overnight, I—"

"Never mind that now," said the doctor, taking from a cupboard a yellow pullover that clashed horribly with the tie he was wearing and drawing it over his head. "Let's get out before it starts to rain. Have you an umbrella in your bag?"

"Yes," I said, "but why you can't get an umbrella of your own passes my—"

"That's all right then," he said. "Come along."

I followed him out of the clubhouse to the first tee. As usual, he had engaged for himself a caddie—paid for,

I reflected bitterly, out of the weekly four-and-elevenpence which Mr. Bevan smilingly subtracts from my earnings. I knew this particular caddie of old, and he knew me. Nevertheless, I gave him the umbrella to carry, avoiding his eye and affecting not to hear the curious rumbling noise with which he received it. We drove off and I won the first hole. I also won the second, sinking a putt right across the green for a seven.

"Asthma all right this morning?" asked the doctor as we walked towards the third tee.

"I haven't got asthma," I said.

"So you haven't," said the doctor. "I was mixing you up with old Pickersgill. Must have been your breathing that reminded me of him. Sorry."

I paused in the act of teeing the ball. "What's the matter with my breathing?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. Carry on."

I hit a long raking shot that finished up in a clump of heather. The doctor's drive bent sharply to the left, hit a tree and bounded back on to the fairway. We played out the hole in silence, taking eight strokes each.

"Old Pickersgill," I said to the doctor as we left the green, "breathes like a leaky steam-engine."

"Pickersgill?" said the doctor. "What if he does? Not my fault."

"You were saying my breathing reminded you of Pickersgill."

"Was I?" said the doctor. "Well, well. Well, well, well."

"Do I sound like a leaky steam-engine?"

"Not in the least, old chap. Obviously not. Let's get on with the game, shall we?"

We got on. As I was hacking my ball out of a gorse-bush at the sixth hole it suddenly struck me that my breathing was not altogether normal. It was not precisely wheezy; stertorous, I should have called it. There was also, I fancied, a slight discomfort in my left side. Some of these doctors, I remembered as I topped my approach into a bunker in front of the green, had almost uncanny powers of diagnosis. I recalled, as I hooked my drive at the seventh far over the rough and into a pond that no one had even noticed, let alone driven into, before, a famous physician who on entering a hospital ward of thirty beds or so at once remarked: "I see you've got a case of laryngitis in the third bed from the far end." As we walked from the eighth tee I took the doctor by the elbow and drew him out of earshot of his caddie. "Tell me frankly," I said, "does my breathing suggest to you that I might have asthma?"

"Not particularly," he said. "Here comes the rain. Where's that umbrella of yours? It'll only be a shower, I think. Hey, caddie!"

"But there is something unusual about it?" I persisted.

"You mean the colour?" asked the doctor.

"The colour?" I repeated in sudden alarm.

"That's your ball there," he said, "between those two boulders."

By the time I had got the ball back on to the fairway he was fifty yards away, striding briskly along under my umbrella. I was now almost certain that I had a pain in my left side; but my breath, as far as I could see by puffing it out and squinting down my nose, was quite colourless. I caught up with him on the putting-green.

"Look here," I said, "what did you mean about the unusual colour?"

"No offence, old boy," he said.

"Doesn't matter what colour it is so long as it keeps the rain off, eh? I say, you're quite wet."

"Would you consider," I asked, "that my breathing was suggestive of high blood-pressure?"

"Depends what you call high," he said. "Ah, the rain's stopping. You can put the umbrella back in the bag, caddie."

The game proceeded. I tried to dismiss the thought of my blood-pressure, but it kept recurring. The pain in my side had shifted to the middle of my back. There was no doubt that my breathing, as I climbed the hill to the seventeenth green, was quite abnormal. Nevertheless I won the hole, in eleven strokes against twelve.

"All square," said the doctor, walking on to the eighteenth tee. "Jolly good game. Asthma any better?"

I laid my clubs carefully on the ground, walked over to him, and took a firm grip on the slack of his pullover. "Before we play this hole," I said, "I want you to answer a simple question. Have I or have I not any symptoms of—"

"No," he said.

"In that case," I said, shooting a glance at the caddie that stopped him in mid-snigger, "I consider that you should be struck off the Register and hounded out of this club."

"All in the game, old chap," he said. "Psychology of suggestion and all that, you know. Your drive."

The last hole is a short one. I hit a beautiful shot on to the middle of the green, about three feet from the hole.

"Let that be a lesson to you," I said. "I'll have my umbrella now," I added, "in case it rains before we get into the club-house."

"H'm," said the doctor. He tee'd his ball, addressed it and hit it a vicious blow off the socket of his iron. The ball shot into the air towards cover-point, struck one of the posts in front of the club-house, rebounded on to the roof of the professional's hut, dropped on to the green and rolled into the hole.

"Nearly missed it," said the doctor thoughtfully.

A splintering sound behind me announced that the caddie, in the violence of his emotion, had fallen over my umbrella.

G. D. R. DAVIES

"Marshland (Norfolk) R.D.C. insist on a standard pigsty for council houses."

"Sunday Express"

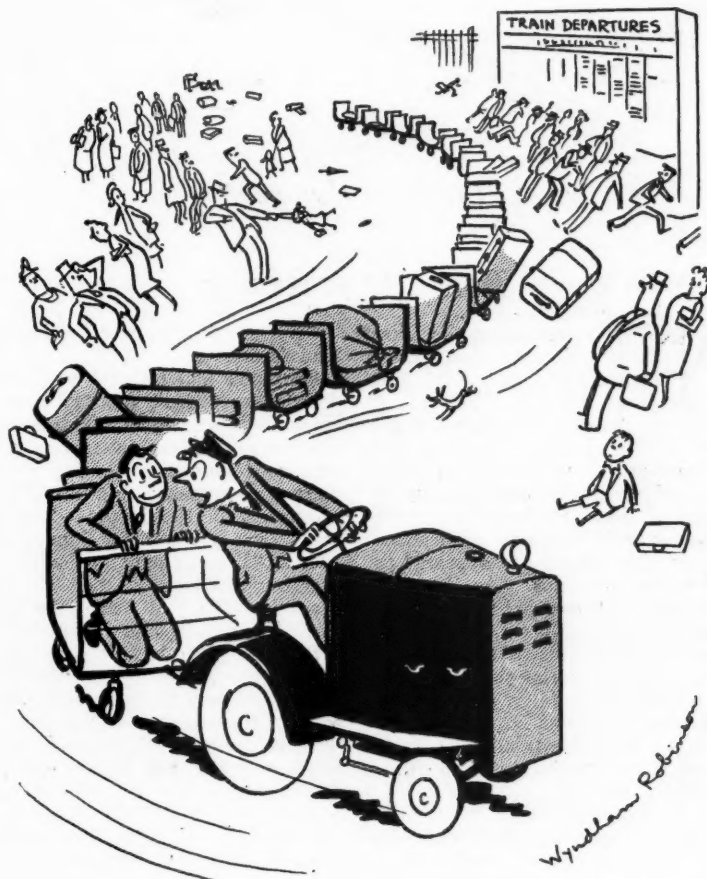
Nobody knows where one pig club starts and another ends.

## Night

WHEN, after sunset, toiling darkness swills  
The daylight from the skies, and pinky Mars  
Marshals the regiments of hairy stars;  
When the black dogs climb up the sacred hills,  
And, clambering from celestial window-sills,  
Spirits descend as awful avatars;  
When, crouched behind high heaven's iron bars,  
God's porcupine shoots off his shiny quills;

Man upon earth, tormented by old fears,  
Endures the hours, whose minutes seem like years,  
Of moving blackness and the dreadful dawn;  
Around him creep banshees, behind him leers  
The monstrous troll, and by the stream he hears  
The rustle of the fateful leprechaun.

R. P. LISTER



"... and never boot till you see the whites of their eyes."





"I've decided to emigrate."

## Box Me a Horse

"NOBODY ever takes the Wire Fund seriously," Fanshawe's fiancée told him. "It's not like the Hunt Ball."

Until that moment Fanshawe would never, for one moment, have expected a Wire Fund to be like a Hunt Ball. He would have rather expected it to be a kind of kitty for reimbursing his fiancée's step-father for the tremendous number of telegrams she appeared to send to save stamps. As the ones Fanshawe had received were never "Reply Paid" he'd begun to hope that he too might be permitted to dip into the Fund. But on hearing that it was not like a Hunt Ball he now began to get the impression that a Hunt Ball must be exactly what it *was* like.

"Oh, it's a dance?" he observed.

"Only a hop."

"But why wire?"

Fanshawe gathered that the wire was what hunting people went in front cutting down for other hunting people to jump over.

"But why hop?"

He then learnt that hunting people danced to provide money to provide more wire so that they could do it again.

"We could ride over," said Fanshawe's fiancée.

Fanshawe had hitherto understood that horses weren't essential even at Hunt Balls so why at Wire Funds? His fiancée explained that riding would be a good way of combining getting there with Fanshawe's picking up a smattering of the jargon. "So you won't look a complete chump," she added. "We just sling our haversacks over our shoulders and hit the trail over the hills. All frightfully Open Air. You only need a dinner-jacket."

It must have been the points of Fanshawe's shoes that prodded his horse into such frequent unexpected action. It couldn't have been his stiff shirt, not after the first mile, anyway. His fiancée had lent him an old pair of breeches which she said wouldn't matter being spoilt. He didn't know until later that it was him that was going to be spoilt, not the breeches. She'd also told him to help himself to a mackintosh out of the hall, preferably one with a vent. He chose one with several. He didn't find out until after his cigarette-case had dropped out of the bottom of the inverted vent which

somebody had invented in amongst all the other vents that it wasn't a pocket after all. Stepping out of the thing he became entangled in a maze of snap-fasteners, trap-doors, chin-straps, throat-lashes and secret passages.

The horse wasn't much better. Not that it was so bad undressing it to go through a stream. Most of it came off in a piece. It was when he put it together again that his lack of jargon tripped him up. The hoof, he found after trial and error, was not harness at all although apparently made of the same material and certainly polished with the same brush. Even the shoe was only detachable by forgery. And the girth, looking like a girdle and made from the stuff from underneath an arm-chair, seemed to be meant to prevent the saddle from going further down the horse when the horse went up. But there was nothing to prevent the saddle from going further down the horse when the horse stayed put, and Fanshawe found that riding underneath a horse, though done deliberately by Cossacks, has a dulling effect on the British.

When they got to the house containing the dance for the Wire Fund all Fanshawe could do was lean sadly against a mantelpiece trying to induce a rush of blood to the head.

"Why not box your horse back?" suggested a sympathizer.

When Fanshawe learnt that this only meant buying his horse a railway ticket he rushed straight off and did so.

Fanshawe was sorry his fiancée didn't want her horse to travel too. She might have persuaded his into its box without the booking-clerk having to lasso it. Or at any rate she might have known how to stop it being lassoed through the box on to the other platform. Several trains passed before Fanshawe's horse was ready to be attached. Towards the end of the day he learnt that sitting under a horse was no nicer than, though different from, sitting on the top of it, particularly over viaducts. Fanshawe once heard that there was no place in England more than five miles from a railway line. If that were the case he and his horse must have passed within five miles of the whole of England in their box.

It can't have been less than the third evening when he leant out of the box and recognized the clerk with the lasso.

"Quick," he urged his horse.

Nobody saw them slip out into the night and head for the hills, Fanshawe keeping up with his horse very well considering he was carrying the harness.

## Idea for a Short Story

**S**OMEBODY could write something really funny about aerials, particularly our aerial. They could construct a story out of it, full of human pathos, and salted with human tears. Dad, in his old clothes, covered in leaf-mould and paint, resembling a superannuated scarecrow, could be the hero. People would laugh like anything if they could see dad pottering about, hunting for bits of wire to add on to his aerial.

Every week-end you can bet your boots that dad will have altered our aerial. It may be only a hairpin, it may be the neighbour's fence, but that aerial won't be the same on Monday. Wasn't it Heraclitus who said that everything was in a state of change? Well, I guess the old fellow didn't know much about aerials, but what he said certainly applies to ours.

A clever person could make tragedy as well as comedy out of our aerial.

With the sort of detail that wrings tears from stony-hearted spinsters, he could describe how one day the cleaner-flex disappeared, how dad swore by every saint that he hadn't touched it; how mother vowed she would leave the house never to return; how little sister June howled to think her mummy was abandoning her for ever; how dad, broken-hearted and repentant at last, said he would put his head in the gas oven—if that would do any good. I know I've got something here, but I suppose the idea, like lots of others, will have to be wasted.

Meanwhile our aerial continues to grow, becoming more ragged every day. All the spare wire in the house has gone up to its maw, and now the clothes-line is in jeopardy. But in spite of this the set remains absolutely the same.

I'm sure that somebody—somebody clever—could make something really funny out of our aerial. There's the idea, anyway, and ideas are not copy-right.

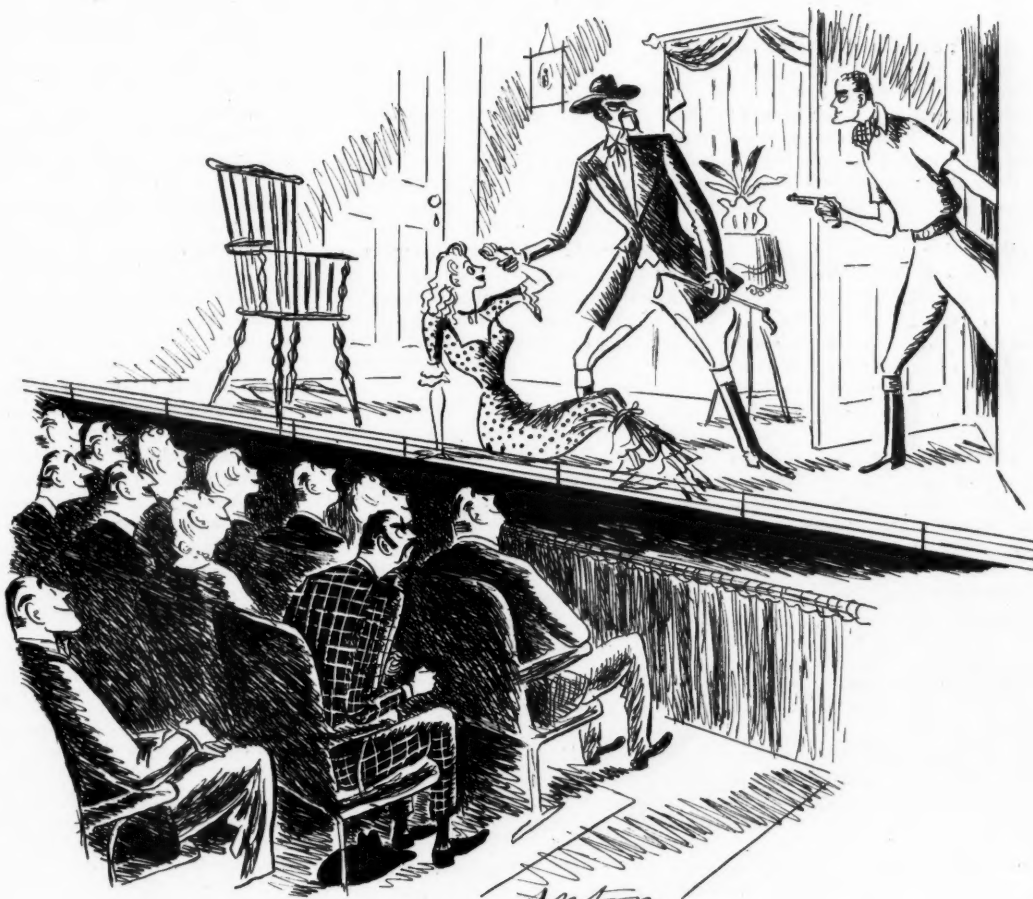
## Fishing Fleet

**B**OUND for the Round Pond  
fishing grounds  
With Flo and Bert and Fred,  
The prams go out from Paddington  
In strident line ahead.

Cluttered with nets and fishing rods  
And shoes already shed,  
The prams come down from  
Paddington  
With a din to wake the dead.

Up in the bows young Ernie heaves  
An optimistic lead;  
The prams are down from Paddington  
And they'll do as Mother said.

Back with a record tiddler-catch  
And a crew that cries for bed,  
The prams go home to Paddington  
In straggling line ahead.



## At the Play

*Cymbeline* (STRATFORD)—*Sauce Tartare* (CAMBRIDGE THEATRE)

**CYMBELINE**, which took the full shock of Dr. Johnson's disapproval—"To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation"—is certainly one of Shakespeare's more careless plays. He wrote it, or at any rate finished it (there is a theory that he began it as a tragedy and much later tacked on the happy ending) towards the end of his career, when perhaps he was less interested in probability. *Imogen* is supposed to be exquisitely feminine, but she shows not the slightest interest in a trunk stuffed with superb jewellery; *Posthumus*, who is put forward as a manly and upright young Briton, forfeits our respect from the moment he agrees to let a Mediterranean cad attempt the seduction of his lady. The play creaks as loudly as the lid of the trunk out of which *Iachimo* climbs into *Imogen's* bedroom, and yet contains such lovely things as the lyric "Fear no more the heat o' the sun," and *Pisanio's* magnificently dramatic aside after he has shown the letter to *Imogen*: "What

shall I need to draw my sword? the paper hath cut her throat already."

These are tremendous compensations, but even the sturdiest apologists have had to admit that, at the last count, the play must stand on the character of *Imogen*. She is the key, and as such she must be given greater depth and variety than is shown by Miss KATHLEEN MICHAEL, a good actress who has not quite found her feet at Stratford. The production is by Mr. MICHAEL BENTHALL, and is disappointing not only because the level of acting is not good enough for the Memorial theatre, but also because once again, as with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mr. BENTHALL has muffled Shakespeare with elaboration.

The excerpts now being given on the apron-stage at the Birmingham Theatre Exhibition persuade one, if any persuasion be needed, of the strength of simplicity in staging Shakespeare, and to give décor its head with *Cymbeline*, as "Q" pointed out, is surely to emphasize the absurdities of the play. Only a pedant would wish to be reminded of how recently its characters must have thrown away their woad, but Mr. LESLIE HURRY's monumental palace with its airy-fairy bedroom would have staggered a good many centuries to come, while his heavily geological Milford Haven seems to have the effect of lining a bubble with lead. If Shakespeare is to compete with this kind of thing, and with trimmings as unnecessary as *Cloten* and the *Queen's*

*Dwarf* coming repellently from some Freudian dream, then at least his poetry must be spoken better than it is in much of this production. Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE, though somewhat benevolent for rude monarchy, is yet convincingly a king, and in his sensitive treatment of the verse sets an example which is indifferently followed except by Mr. CLEMENT MCCALLIN as *Posthumus*, Mr. GEORGE ROSE as *Belarius* and Mr. HARRY ANDREWS as *Pisanio*.

*Sauce Tartare*, Mr. CECIL LANDEAU's new revue at the Cambridge, is a scrappy piece without much character, rather seriously short of a strong personality to give it cohesion. The lyrics are no great shakes, and there is very little of the kind of wit that makes you sit back in a glow. At the same time, although more might have been made of some of its talents—particularly those of Mr. JACK MELFORD and of a young dancer whose brief appearance causes something of a sensation, Miss SARA LUZITA—the company is hard-working, and varied in its attack. Easily the best of the sketches is a mime based on Cobean's drawing in the *New Yorker* of the girl who went to a psychiatrist about the curious nature of her dreams, and had to marry him to keep him out of them. Runner-up, I think, is the visit of a shy little man, Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT, to a very short-sighted oculist, Mr. RONALD FRANKAU. This can be described as simple fun, but is certainly funny. Mr. HULBERT as the backward boy of a dramatic school also makes for good moments. Miss ZOË GAIL is a high-voltage transmitter of bustling song, Miss RENEE HOUSTON gives us some fair gingoldry as an amorous milk-girl and as a lady on a sofa waiting for a call from M.I.5, and Mr. JAN MUZURUS and MARLANA sing nostalgically in the South American manner.

ERIC KEOWN

### Recommended

**DARK OF THE MOON**—*Ambassadors*—Superbly produced American semi-musical Backwoods fantasy, with witches, sin and salvation.

**THE HEIRESS**—*Haymarket*—From Henry James's story, very well staged.

**DAPHNE LAUREOLA**—*Wyndham's*—Bridie and Edith Evans both at their best.

**BLACK CHIFFON**—*Westminster*—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

**THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING**—*Globe*—Witty comedy by a poet.

**\*THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE—Apollo**—Wild school farce.

(\*Suitable for young people)



[*Cymbeline*]

### VERY EARLY TRUNK MYSTERY

*Imogen*—Miss KATHLEEN MICHAEL

*Iachimo*—Mr. JOHN SLATER



## The Egg

**I**F Mr. Wilson of Balham should by good fortune happen to read these lines I hope he will communicate with me so that I may send a personal apology. The whole business must, from his point of view, have looked extremely queer, and not so many people ask for my autograph that I can afford to offend any of them.

It began with the clock in the breakfast-room being ten minutes slow, so that when I went out to see if there were any eggs I thought I had plenty of time for my train. I walked to the end of the garden and entered the hen-run and looked into the boxes where Ermytrude and the Queen of Sheba and Charity Pecksniff are supposed to lay their eggs. It was several days since they had obliged, and Edith had become quite bloodthirsty about them, talking of the joys of roast fowl and cold fowl in a way that would have made her proposed victims very uncomfortable if they had overheard. It was therefore with great delight that I found a fine brown egg in the box. From the coy look that Charity Pecksniff gave me I think it must have been hers, but as one can never be quite sure I felt that it would mean a reprieve for all three of them.

My intention was to knock on the breakfast-room window and hand the egg to Edith when she opened it. As by the breakfast-room clock it could now not be later than six minutes to nine I reckoned that I would have ample time to hand over the egg and also put in a strong plea for the lives of the birds. As I approached the window, however, with the egg clutched in my hand, I heard the church clock strike nine. My train goes at 9.3.

I reached the station as the train began to move, showing the egg to the astonished ticket-collector instead of my season-ticket. I then dashed through the barrier and clambered into a compartment in which there were twelve people sitting and seven people standing. To put the egg in my pocket in such a crowd I knew would be merely to invite its destruction, so I held it over my head.

A young lady in the corner whispered to her friend that I looked like the Statue of Liberty, and they both giggled. Why people should giggle at the sight of a man simply holding an egg aloft in a crowded railway carriage I cannot imagine. Eggs are widely known to be structures of peculiar fragility, and they are also known to be of great value. What more natural than that the happy possessor of an

egg, obliged to carry it by train, should desire to preserve its integrity? Giggling, however, is infectious, and the other occupants of the compartment soon joined in, and several of them made facetious remarks which it is unnecessary to repeat.

At Victoria I changed to the Inner Circle, but Inner Circle passengers have an even more perverted sense of humour than passengers on the Southern, which is a rather high-class line, and I argued that if the Southerners had giggled, the Inner Circle would roar, so I sat down on a seat on the platform and thought things over.

Before I went to collect the egg I had glanced through my morning mail and then stuffed it into my pocket. It consisted of a seed catalogue on nice thin paper, and a letter from a Mr. Wilson of Balham, saying that he had greatly enjoyed my recent book of verse, *Kugomba Kuplets*, and that he would like my autograph. He enclosed a large stamped and addressed envelope and a postal order for three-and-sixpence, and asked me to send him a copy of the book inscribed with my name. After a moment's cogitation I carefully wrapped the egg in the seed-catalogue and then put the bundle

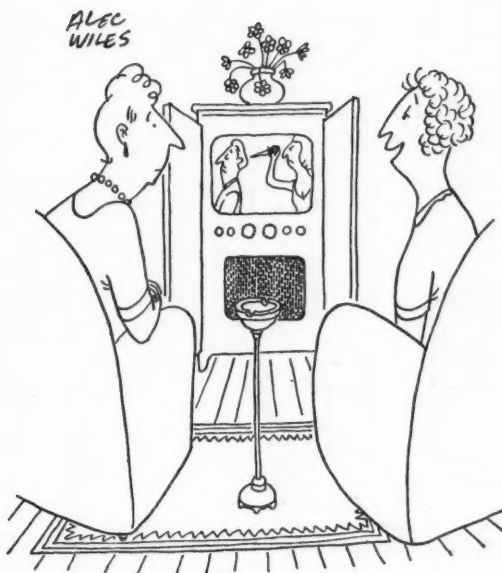
inside the stamped addressed envelope and sealed it up. I felt that with care the egg was now sufficiently armoured to travel safely in my overcoat pocket, and placed it therein. The Inner Circle happened to be having rather an off-day, and there was plenty of standing-room, and when I reached the office and extracted the package I could tell by its shape that its precious contents were still in one piece. I put the package carefully on my desk and then went to wash my hands.

A minute later the office-boy arrived. He is a new office-boy and full of zeal, and when I emerged from the toilet he informed me smugly that he had posted the package.

"What package?" I asked.

"The one to Mr. Wilson of Balham," he said.

As neither the office-boy nor I can remember the exact address we are unable to communicate directly with Mr. Wilson, but as I owe him three-and-six and he owes me an egg I should be glad to hear from him as soon as possible. The lives of Ermytrude and the Queen of Sheba and Charity Pecksniff depend upon his early reply, as Edith is inclined to dismiss the whole episode as a figment of my imagination. D. H. BARBER



"In the radio version, she POISONS him."

## King's Messengers

("The Times" announces that the trouble with farthings is that they do not circulate as they should; scores of millions of them are lying unused in odd drawers or vases; and scores of millions too must have been lost.)

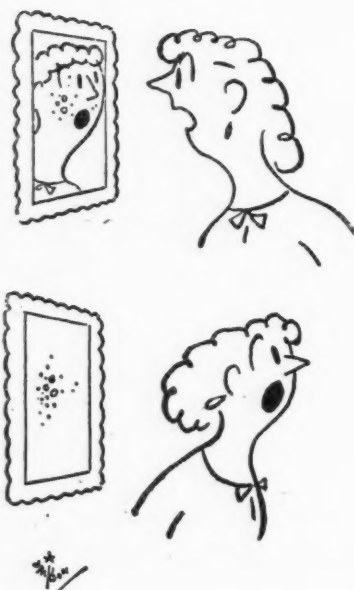
WHERE are you shirking, idle farthings?  
Where are you hiding in vase or drawer?  
Unobserved do you see or hear things  
Behind what wainscot, under what floor?

By what hazel or hawthorn thicket,  
By what roadside in ditch or drain,  
Blithely escaped through a hole in my pocket,  
Where are you singing now, my little jenny wren?

Where are you nesting? To what far-flung land  
Have sailors carried you across the sea?  
Have you landed perhaps, a messenger from England,  
On surf-swept beaches, unknown to me?

Are you perhaps in lands where few go,  
Boldly showing the portrait of your King,  
Singing in the mists of Tierra del Fuego,  
Hopping on the walls of old Peiping?

Are you perhaps in America or Russia  
Presenting your credentials with your small breath  
From "Georgius Sextus, Dei Gratia  
King of all Britons, Defender of the Faith"?



## Looking at Posters

IT is the business of an artist to catch the eye, and it is a reasonable contention that the better the artist the more likely he is to impress an image on the mind. The skill with which he selects essentials, the economy of means by which he makes a point, distinguish him from the lesser kind who try to cram everything in and, as Whistler remarked, to "sit on the piano." Selection and economy are also the means by which the whole visual weight of the poster is packed behind its "message" and aimed with force and precision—at you and me.

That great artist, Toulouse-Lautrec, gave a classic demonstration of how it can be done in his posters for various Parisian entertainments. Lautrec designed his own lettering, made his own colour-lithographs, using a severely limited range of colours, reduced the pictorial element to a few silhouettes—and the result was captivating. Having carried out their task of filling Aristide Bruant's cabaret and adding to the admirers of Jane Avril and Yvette Guilbert, his posters are now sought after by collectors and placed among the masterpieces of graphic design. As the beauty of a poster results from solving the problem posed by its purpose, the artist is not bound to

represent objects in a very realistic way. He may, in order to create his own sign language, copy nature as little as a Red Indian—or the College of Heralds. The shield of the mediæval knight, with its flat, bright colours and patterns, proclaimed the identity of its owner in the scurry of battle much in the same way as a poster in the crowded modern city. As little as the blazon of arms need the poster imitate the framed oil paintings of the exhibitions, and the well-worn phrase "the poor man's picture gallery" would be very misleading if it suggested that posters should merely be a kind of *ersatz* Chantrey Bequest.

It is perhaps an over-anxiety to make them "popular" (and a consequent underestimate of public taste) that has in fact made them less popular since the heyday of the 'nineties. People then were interested in them as a form of art. Periodicals about them were in demand. There were private collectors of posters. "Beauty," said Aubrey Beardsley, writing on the Art of the Hoarding, "has laid siege to the city."

And now? At all events there is London Transport, which reminds us by the current exhibition of original paintings for its posters, at the Victoria

and Albert Museum, of its long career as enlightened patron. The merit of the "Underground poster" was to return to the best tradition. That arch-patron, the late Frank Pick, came to the independent conclusion that "good art is good business," and therefore put confidence in the artist without spending time on speculation as to what form of art might be most acceptable to travellers. He picked out those artists who were far from being conventional in style and outlook—even to the point of being "cubist" or otherwise "modern." The results have been varied, adventurous—and stimulating. Some of these specimens of "Art for All" have been eye-openers in their day and caused much debate; but it is one of the purposes of a poster to open eyes and an advantage in varying styles that they prevent a subject from becoming wearisome. Time and again London Transport posters suggest a visit to the Zoo; but they demonstrate also that there are "nine and forty ways" of depicting the animals, which, to the artist's vision, may be beautifully lifelike or as quaint and amusing as the improbable tigers of a Sudanese artist which have lately been burning bright on the Underground station walls.

WILLIAM GAUNT

## Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Book-Trade Blues

No professional men, except judges, advertise their merits as loudly as publishers. You do not find bishops or surveyors or engineers making speeches at dinners or writing books to tell the public how enthusiastic it should be about them. Most branches of the book trade make propaganda in favour of themselves and in disfavour of other branches; but publishers are the most unctuous, perhaps because they can publish themselves or each other, whereas a bookseller has to be more careful if he wants his manuscript accepted.

According to their self-portraits, publishers usually publish books at a loss; their gains are purely spiritual. To authors they act as a mixture of Egeria and Old Family Retainer, suggesting books for them to write, nursing them through their pangs of inspiration, advertising in the newspapers so that they can see their names in nice large print and, alas, often receiving nothing but ingratitude. They also suffer ingratitude from agents, reviewers, booksellers, the Government and other publishers.

Similarly, booksellers are men who dote on their wares. Their knowledge of literature is extensive and their standards high. Only devotion to their philanthropic work makes them carry on at all on the inadequate profits allowed them by the publishers. In their shops they lurk, finger in calf-bound volume, spectacles pushed above wise and kindly eyes, until a customer approaches. Then they firmly press on him the books they feel really deserve to succeed and, purely for the good of literature, point out that if he reduced his smoking or spent less on food for the body and more on food for the mind he could buy many more books and pay more for them.

Every branch of the book trade seems to be able to prove that it alone gets nothing for its work. How many times one has seen detailed figures showing the disaster a Good Book can bring upon its sponsors. The remedies suggested vary, from assistance out of public funds without any public control of how they are spent to moral appeals to the customer to buy books until it hurts.

Mr. Michael Joseph's *The Adventure of Publishing* is comparatively restrained. His racy and authoritative apologia does not make the mistake of painting all publishers as saints; by admitting the existence of black sheep he throws up the whiteness of the others. His real remedy is to increase the price of books, though more to the libraries than to the private buyer. He also makes the dangerous suggestion of a concealed censorship, established by all branches of the trade, which would strangle a large number of books after they have been written but before they have been printed and bound, thus enabling firms to concentrate on those books which were really certain to sell or of such outstanding quality that they would confer prestige on those marketing them.

How far the present organization, or lack of it, creates many of the very real difficulties in the trade becomes clear from the new edition of Mr. Frank Mumby's standard history of *Bookselling and Publishing*. In the early days of printing publishers were frequently crooks. A few outstanding figures did foster literature and gamble on the unknown author, but the general level was low. Things seem to have improved since the days of the great literary pirates, learnedly and entertainingly discussed in Mr. Mumby's earlier pages. Apparently the trouble now is not dishonesty but anarchy. Firms unite, split up, change partners and merge into other firms so frequently that

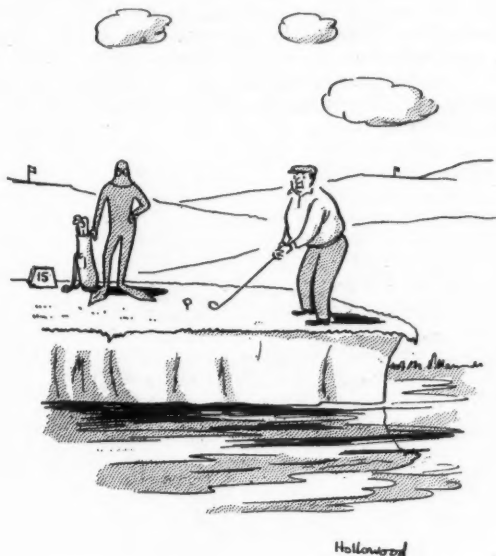
continuity of policy seems impossible, except with a few of the great publishing houses, whose back-list buoys them up and must, one would think, seem more important to them than new publications. Attempts to organize publishers have only gradually and partially succeeded, and even to-day some of the largest groups are not members of the Publishers' Association.

Printers and binders seem in the strongest position in the modern trade, their workers protected by well-organized unions and their bills paid whatever the success of the book. They deserve a good deal of their privilege for the valuable experimental work they have done; there has been no advance in publishing technique, except Penguins, comparable to the revolution in typography of the last half-century.

The trouble with the private press is that often it does not care much what it prints but only how it prints it. The Gaberbocchus Press, for example, has just produced *The Eagle & The Fox and The Fox & The Eagle*, an Aesop's fable with a variation of no great profundity. On hand-made paper with coy drawings by Franciszka Themerson, it contains about thirty words a page and costs a guinea. This kind of pretentious joke makes one wonder if the private press is in decline and is losing its leadership of the experimental work of the trade.

Whether the serious difficulties caused by the end of the wartime boom in reading, the lack of space for books in modern homes and the rising costs of production could be met by using paper covers or by developing some kind of Publishers' Co-operative seems doubtful. But some new idea is badly needed to restore publishing to health. Are the objections to the sale of advertising space in books really so insuperable? It would reduce publishers' costs and the price to the public—and might even improve the lot of authors, on whom the whole book trade primarily depends.

R. G. G. PRICE





### Victorian Grande Dame

Mrs. Barbara Charlton, who came of a landed Roman Catholic family, and married (at Gretna Green) into another, was born in the year of Waterloo and saw the Victorian era almost to its close. Her papers, edited by her grandson, Air Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, as *Recollections of a Northumbrian Lady*, are an interesting glimpse of a life so far removed from ours that it might have been lived on another planet. Her writing reflects a shrewd, gossipy, courageous woman, of no great literary ability though capable of wit—"Lord Morpeth, who danced like a shirt hanging in the wind to dry"—and a graphic malice—"Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, who had been a moneyed Miss Green, developed into the Countess of Harrington with two or three additional layers of dirt on her." She was so wonderfully a snob that of her niece's union with the second son of Lord Lovat she could say unsmilingly: "It was a poor enough marriage for her to make." Nevertheless the picture which emerges is often vivid: education in a Paris convent, travels abroad in the family coach, a father who insulted all young men on principle, and, later, the fullest social round in London, Paris and vast, damp, insanitary country houses. Air Commodore Charlton bridges the gaps in the memoirs with discretion.

E. O. D. K.

### Gordian Knot

It is stimulating to reflect that the original Gordian knot was hitched on a peasant's wagon with a piece of tree-bark; and that it took the sword of Alexander to cut it. Twice over has a war solved some of the difficulties of an English agricultural minority in an English industrial state. Now, says Mr. Adrian Bell, we are all "ravelled up" again, mainly because we cannot make up our minds whether we want "standards of living" or food. If anyone still thinks these terms compatible he should read *The Flower and the Wheel*—which is especially concerned with vital needs, and still breathes something of "the indomitable Englishry," though it is neither so shapely nor so sound as "Sunrise to Sunset." The austere problems of the Westmorland farm portrayed in that very cherishable book were not the author's; and he could bestow unqualified approval of a way of life whose cost he had not to count. It is inevitably different with his own East Anglian farm where, torn between two worlds, he sees tractors root up the hawthorns that harbour nightingales, and almost grudges a neighbour's old horses the grass that might go to swell the clientèle of a milk-bar.

H. P. E.



### Looking Forward

In *Round the Next Corner*, Mr. Nicholas Hastings (who is a son of Sir Patrick Hastings and made a brilliant start in the Navy) gives us an interesting snatch of his life. He begins just before the last war, after he had bought a news-agent's shop in the Finchley Road, and was beginning to make a restaurant pay. Then comes the story of "his" war, first in an anti-U-boat mystery ship, then as a Commando (he made landing raids in Norway and North Africa), and, lastly, as the first man across the Rhine. It is—even though we have had by now almost as many war books as may be endured—exciting, interesting and extremely well told. But, to those who have the power to look forward, the account of his hideously uncomfortable journey to Kenya with his wife and baby—there to begin a new life and create a home—is the best part of a good whole. He loves and believes in Kenya, but says the white man will not succeed until he realizes that without the native he will collapse and straggle back to a suburban home of charity in England.

B. E. B.

### Cowslips and Cocktails

Miss Dodie Smith, having won all play-going hearts, now produces an excellent first novel, *I Capture the Castle*. It is a very original piece of work and a fascinating one, well written, vividly imagined, and crammed with interesting and living characters who, if not so large on the canvas as the people in her plays, are just as clearly drawn. Her plot is very slight, the old, old story of lovers who pair with the wrong partners; they find out their mistakes and are well on the way to repairing them when the curtain comes down. Miss Smith has made her own lot all the harder by telling her story through the heroine Cassandra's journal, but it does not matter. Cassandra is an enchanting creature; so, in another way, is her father, famous author of one book and hunted by his children with the intent to make him produce another. They starve in an old house with castle attached and tower nearby, and it is small wonder that when two young Americans cross the family's path Rose, the elder daughter, makes a pounce at the moneyed one of them. It is difficult to convey the cowslip charm and cocktail cleverness with which Miss Dodie Smith tells her simple tale, but she makes it a very delightful one.

B. E. S.

### Books Reviewed Above

- The Adventure of Publishing*. Michael Joseph. (Wingate, 8/6)  
*Publishing and Bookselling*. Frank Mumby. (Cape, 25/-)  
*The Eagle & The Fox and The Fox & The Eagle*. Æsop. Presented and illustrated by Franciszka Themerson. (Gaberbochus Press, 21/-)  
*Recollections of a Northumbrian Lady*. Edited by Air Commodore L. E. O. Charlton. (Cape, 15/-)  
*The Flower and the Wheel*. Adrian Bell. (Bodley Head, 7/6)  
*Round the Next Corner*. Nicholas Hastings. (Davies, 9/6)  
*I Capture the Castle*. Dodie Smith. (Heinemann, 9/6)

### Other Recommended Books

- Broken Images*. John Guest. (Longmans, 10/6) Extracts from a soldier's journal: England 1940-42, Africa 1943, Italy 1944-45. Contemplative, but full of entertaining incident and evocative detail; very good reading either at length or in small doses.  
*Greener Than You Think*. Ward Moore. (Gollancz, 12/6) Long, absorbing, satirical American novel about the disastrous results of increasing the fertility and growth of grass. Exuberant style, immense imaginative power and ingenuity, no hyphens.  
Two for climbers. Fact: *Climbs of My Youth*. André Roch. (Lindsay Drummond, 12/6) By one of the foremost Swiss mountaineers. Seventeen full-page photographs. Fiction: *The Will and the Way*. J. M. Scott. (Hodder and Stoughton, 9/6) Mountain adventure: a treasure hunt for a fortune.

## From the Chinese

### The Choice

I HAVE consulted my ancestors,  
I have burned blue fish in the flames,  
I have gazed into the glasses,  
I have observed the passage of birds

Crossing the highway,  
I have counted the clouds  
Passing into the sun:  
But I am still unable  
To announce the names  
Of the winners in the Horse Contest.

Some of the names  
Are beautiful names.  
Here are *Moondust*,  
And *Star King*,  
*Gay Street* and *Rising Glory*.

If, as we must suppose,  
There is Reason and Justice  
And a due place for Beauty  
In the Ordering of Things,  
These four

Would run faster than the others.  
(But, I observe,  
All these,

At the time of the tablets,  
Have decided not to run.)

Other names  
Are too ugly for contemplation.

Who, for example,  
Would disgrace his ancestors  
By trusting his fortune  
To a horse called *Gades*,  
*Big Wig*,  
Or *Ugongo*?

Names are important.  
I do not follow the scribes  
Who solemnly enumerate

The horses' ancestors,  
And compare the past performances  
Of this animal and that.

For this is to say  
That horses  
Are creatures of reason  
Who will do to-morrow  
What they do to-day.

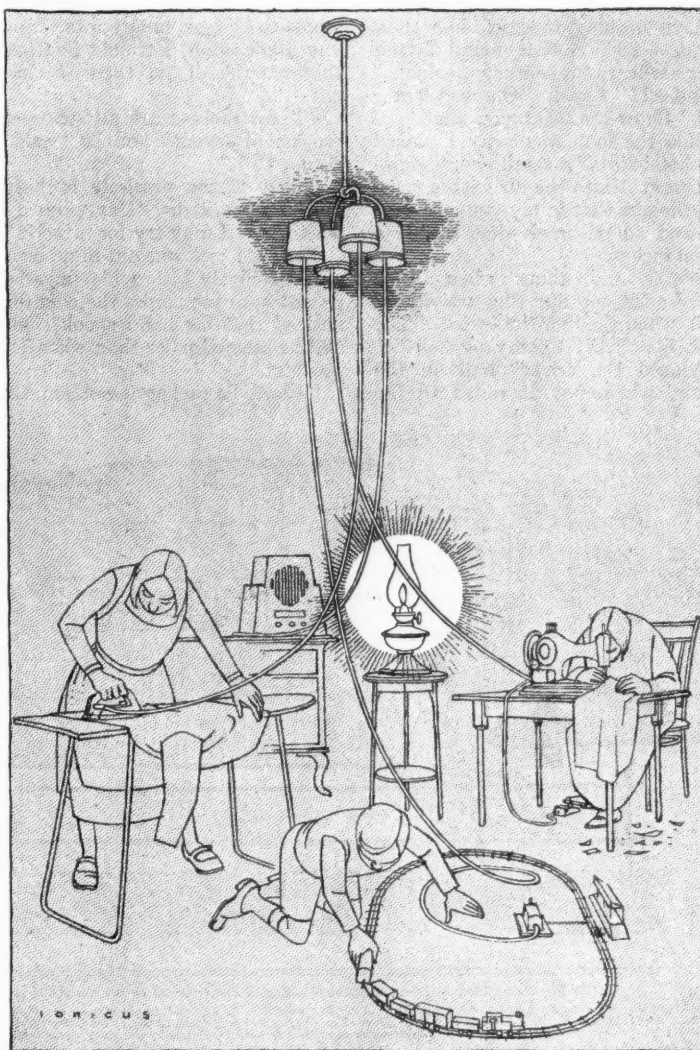
Whereas, it is well known,  
They are thickly populated  
By evil spirits,  
The prey of Caprice,  
Sudden Perspirations,  
Incalculable Reluctance,  
And Petty Spite,  
And are no more to be trusted  
Than human beings.

No, there is but one sure sign.  
To this obscure person  
There have fallen in a lottery  
The names of three horses—

*Button Boy*, *Royal Forest* and *Targui*.  
These three, therefore,  
Can be excluded from the reckonings  
Of all serious thinkers.  
One of them  
Will probably die.  
All, for the purposes of the Horse  
Contest,  
Might just as well be dead.  
There is another way,  
Less sure, but positive.  
I take my sword,  
And thrice I thrust it  
Among the roll of competitors.

Three names have I pierced,  
*Conservative*,  
*Hindostan*,  
And *Amour Drake*.  
These names, accordingly,  
I write on the tablets.  
But, if I were you,  
I should ignore the whole affair.  
For it is written  
"In the great Account of All  
Things  
The speed of horses  
Is not regarded  
As of much importance".

A. P. H.



## Buying a Tennis Racket

"I WANT a tennis-racket," I said, hooking my umbrella on the counter and wiping my spectacles with my handkerchief the better to examine the selection of instruments that would be put before me.

"Very good, sir," said the assistant. "Had you any particular make in mind?"

I was not really acquainted with any make at all, but this was something I preferred the man not to know.

"I'm not fussy," I answered, "except that I do rather prefer to have the strings that run vertically a contrasting colour to those that run horizontally, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I follow you, sir," the man said, focusing his eyes on me in a peculiar sort of way. "Only I'm afraid we have nothing in stock like that. It was a fashion that found favour rather earlier in the century, I believe."

"Indeed?" I said. "Oh, well, never mind. Show me what you have."

While the man was away I picked a cricket ball off a small ebony stand and tossed it into the air with a twist of my fingers that in my younger days produced an off-break that turned a full ten inches.

"It's a sad thing when *Anno Domini* curbs our sporting activities," I said, when the man returned. "The racket is actually for my nephew."

I placed the cricket ball on the counter, whereupon it rolled to the

edge, fell on the floor, and disappeared under a pile of bicycle mudguards. The five rackets that the man was hugging to his bosom made it impossible for him to spare a hand to stop it.

As soon as he had unburdened himself I selected one and held it at arm's length, squinting at it in the way I had seen people do.

"You will be able to detect any bow in the frame more easily by holding it edge on," advised the man as he lowered himself to his knees and grovelled amongst the mudguards.

By the time he had recovered the cricket ball, replaced it on the ebony stand, and tucked his tie back inside his waistcoat, I had completed my preliminary inspection.

"Good," I said. "None of them seems to be bent in any way. Now, if you don't mind, I should like to test the amount of go there is in the gut."

"These rackets are all strung to a tension of seventy pounds," said the man.

"That means precisely nothing to me," I remarked. "Have you a ball with which I may try for myself?"

The man took one out of a box, and apprehensively biting his finger ends passed it to me across the counter. I noticed that his hand shook slightly, and he seemed paler than when I first saw him.

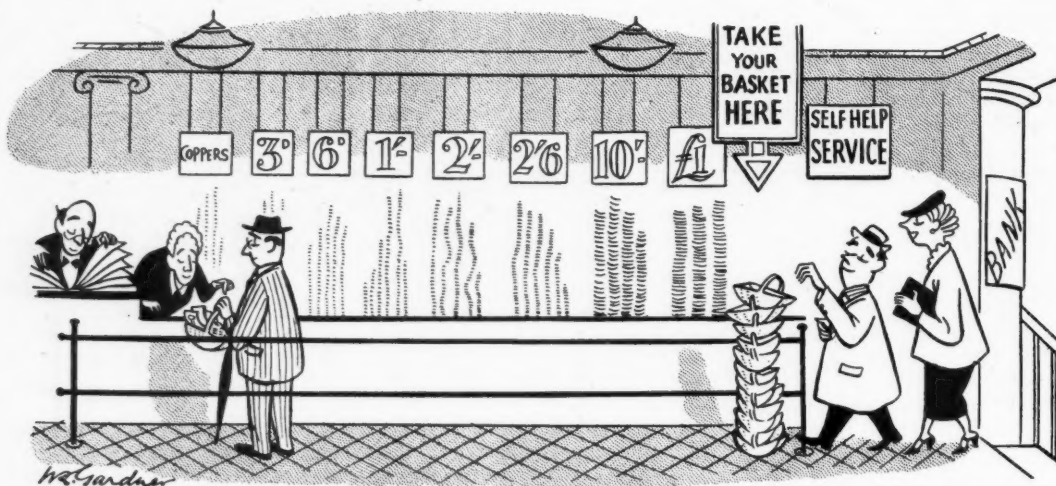
I selected a racket at random, threw

the ball a foot in the air, and as it dropped on to the strings I gave a fierce upward flick with my wrist. It was, to the best of my recollection, precisely the same movement that I used to impart to my old "Wizphast" that had served me so faithfully between the years 1921-29, and it should have resulted in the ball rising to a convenient height of approximately eighteen inches.

I can only conclude, however, that the tension on my "Wizphast" must have been a good deal less than 70 lb., for I was both surprised and alarmed to see the ball rise to within six inches of the ceiling, strike the corner of a suspended folding canoe, and be deflected in its downward path towards a pyramid of golf-balls mounted on a small mahogany table.

With commendable presence of mind the assistant leapt into action like a panther, and with outstretched hand strove frantically to avert the destruction of a morning's work. No doubt, too, he would have succeeded had not the turn-up of his trousers caught in the bottom bicycle mudguard . . .

As he dusted himself down I explained that I thought a tension of 70 lb. would be too much of a liability in the hands of my young nephew, but that, as I disliked putting people about to no purpose, I would gladly purchase one of his mudguards for my wife's bicycle.



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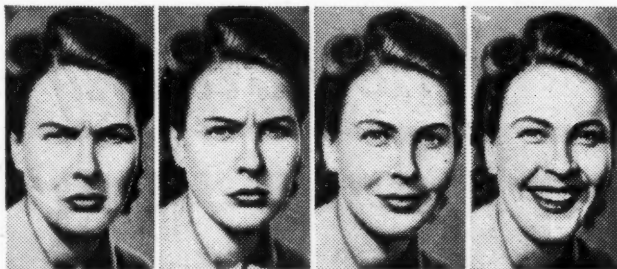


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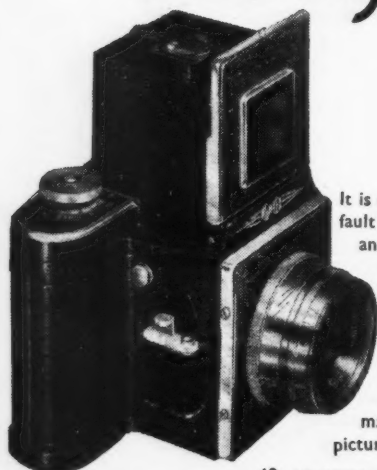
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## A New British Industry

### HUGE EXPORT INCREASE OF ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES

*Report from Ministry of Supply*

The following extract is made from a statement recently issued by the Ministry of Supply:—

"Britain's 1948 electric washing machine exports were more than 107 times the value of 1938 exports — £1,132,240 compared with £10,500 worth.

This increase is not only an important contribution to the nation's recovery, but it establishes an industry which scarcely existed pre-war.

One firm last year exported nearly 58,000 machines to 25 countries, including hard currency countries such as

Belgium, Switzerland and the Argentine. . . .

This state of affairs, although largely the result of encouragement to producers by the Ministry of Supply, is primarily a story of determination and foresight by the manufacturers themselves.

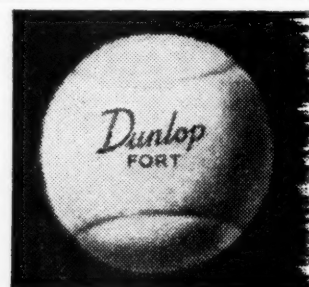
They have incorporated new ideas and devices and have shewn initiative in sending representatives abroad to discover the requirements of other countries."

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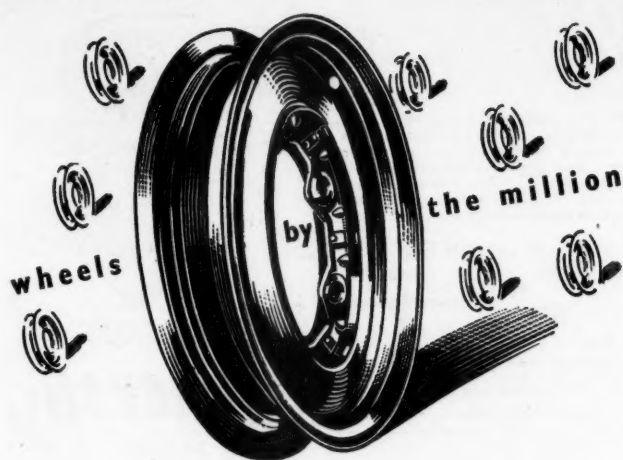
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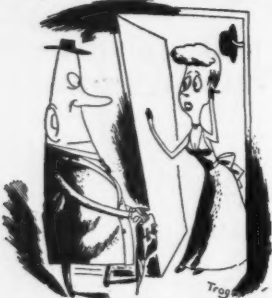
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## JAMAICA JO'S MORNING MAIL—No. 1



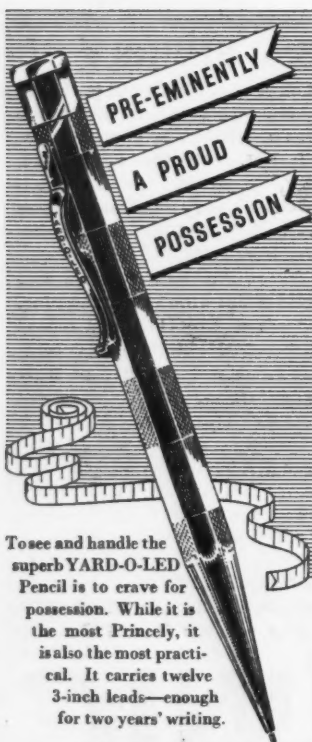
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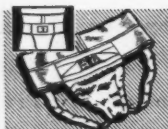
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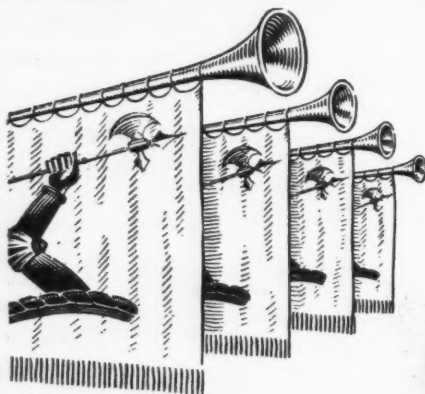
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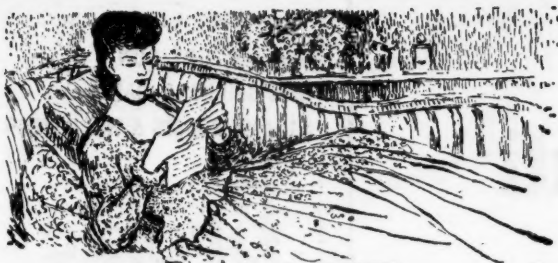
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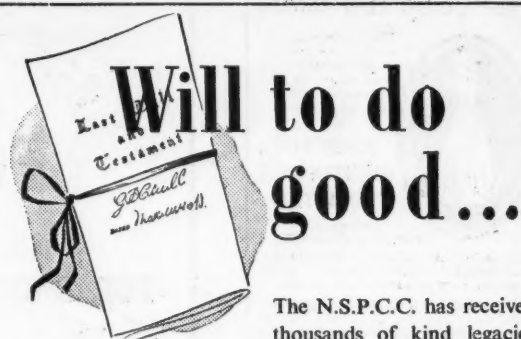
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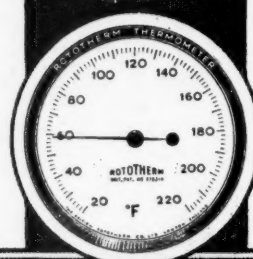
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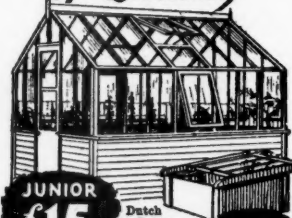


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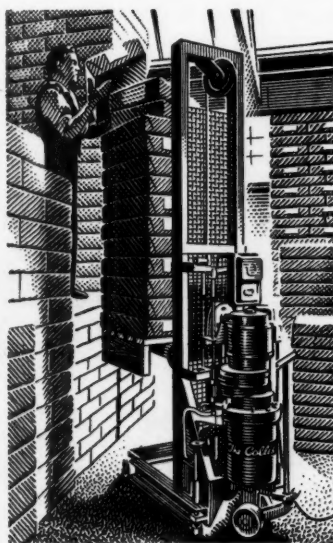
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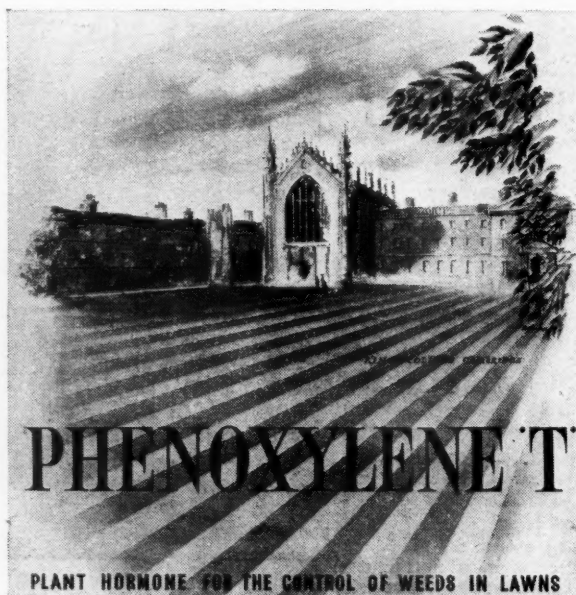
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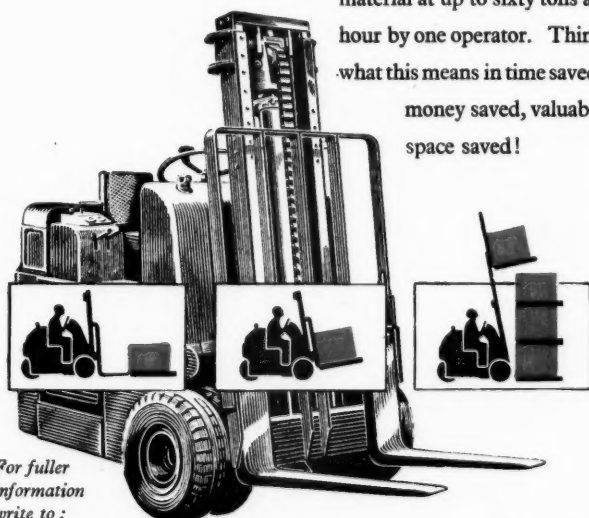
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